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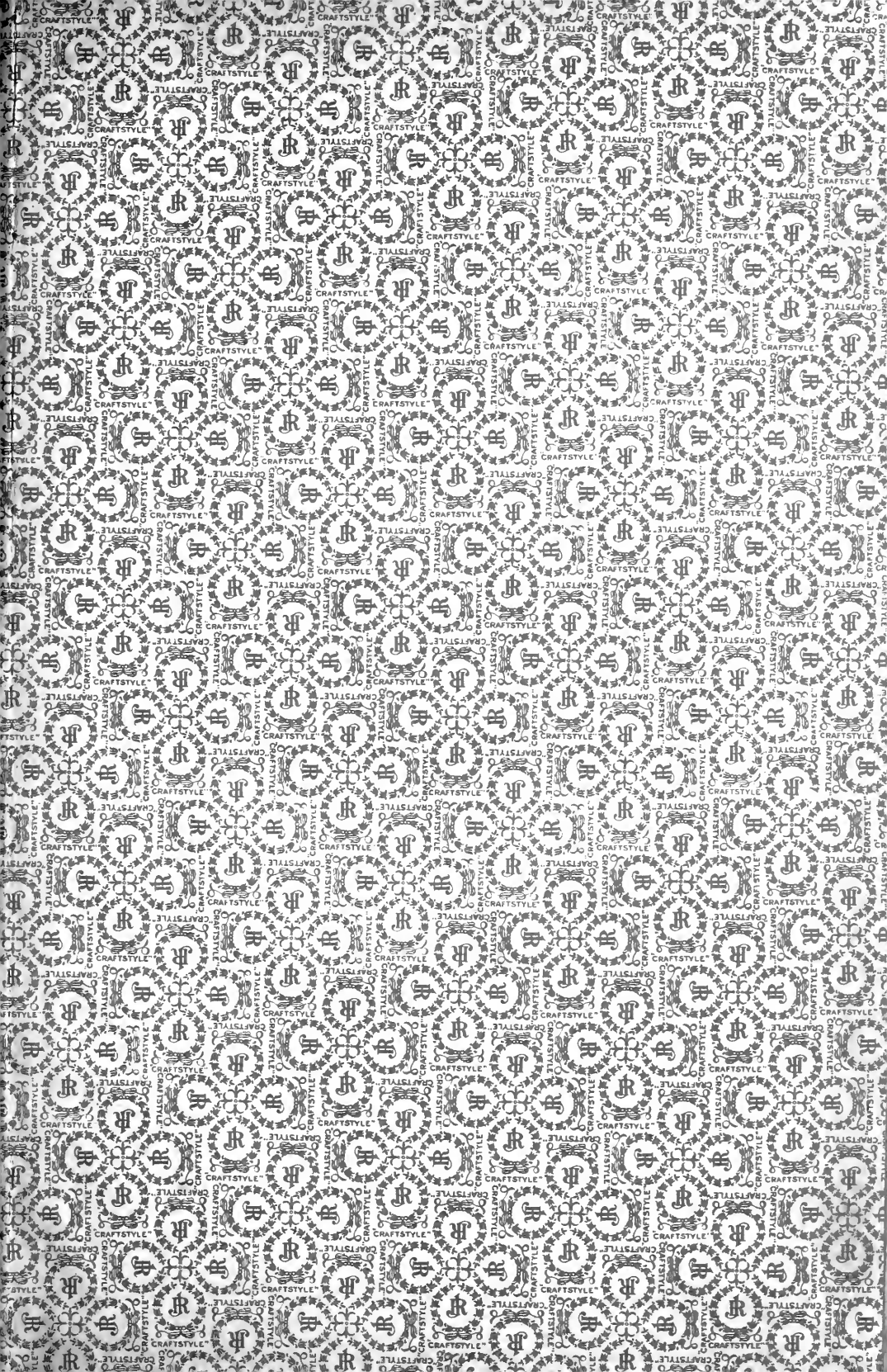
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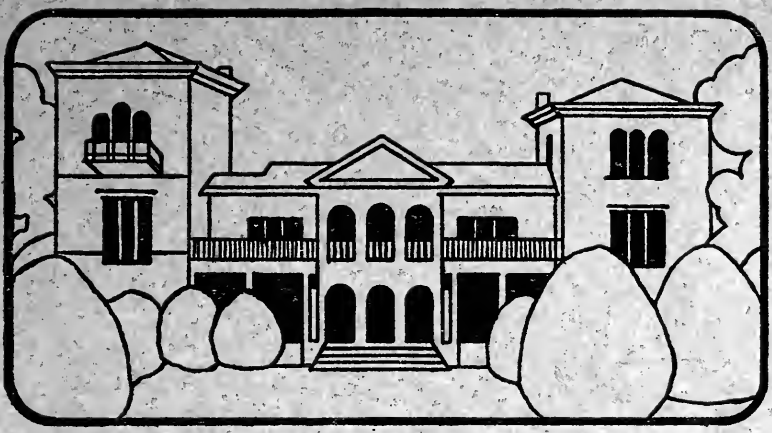




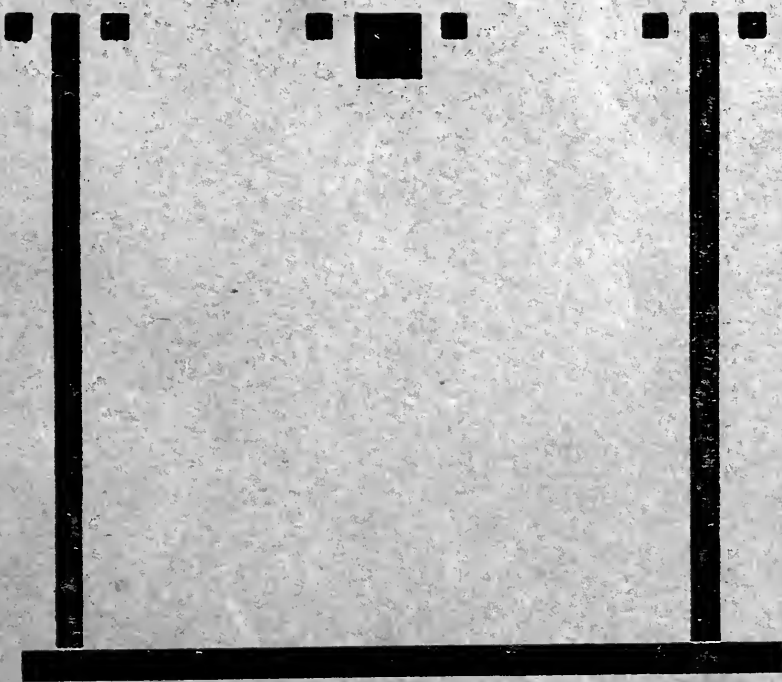
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SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE



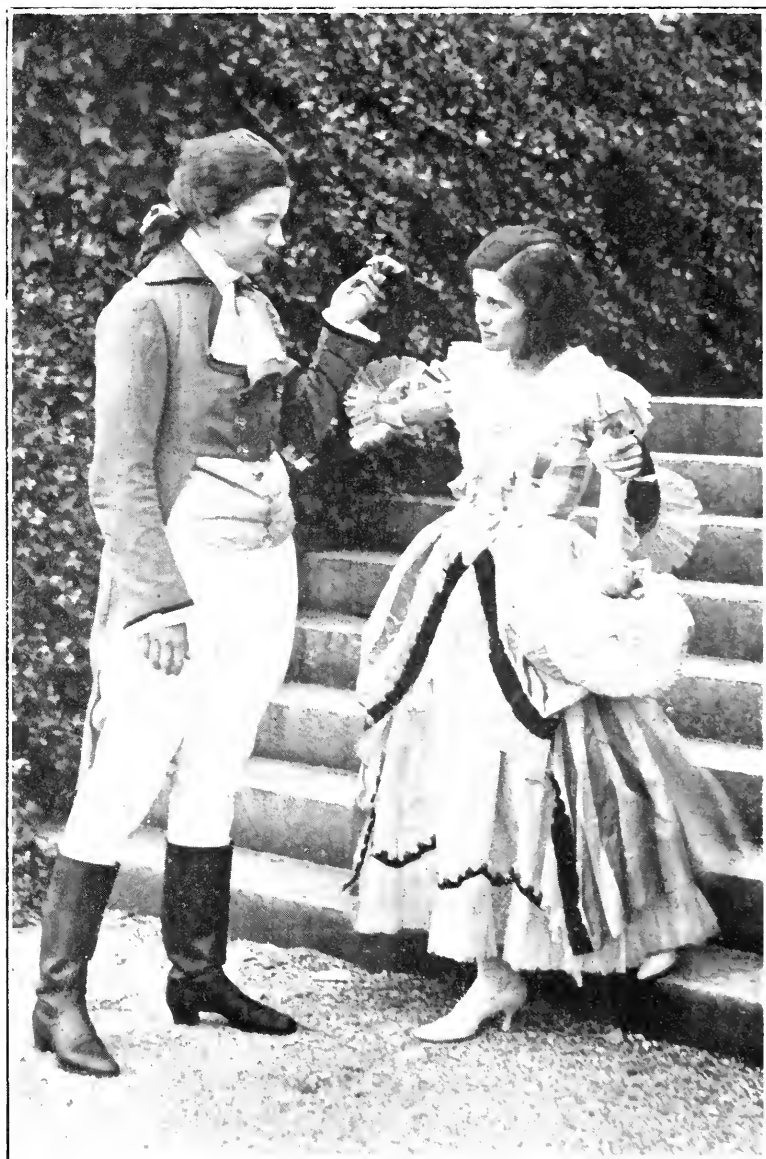
Vol. XI

DECEMBER, 1919

No. 1







Business Manager's Announcement

THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published six times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that in return, the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Our advertising rates are, per year:

One page.....	\$20.00
Half page.....	15.00
Quarter page.....	8.00
Eighth page.....	5.00

Payments for advertising are due the first issue of the magazine. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Address all communications to

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Sweet Briar, Va.

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The Sweet Briar Magazine

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES ANNUALLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SWEET BRIAR

VOL. XI

DECEMBER, 1919

No. 1

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Fairy Secrets

(For Marguerite)

Oh, Marguerite, the other night,
Beneath the Verey's silver light,
As out on No Man's Land I lay
I saw a fairy dressing gay.
She did not know that I could see
Because I watched so silently,
And as she changed and danced about
I found her boudoir secrets out.

Oh, Marguerite, you'd scarce believe
A fairy girl's a modern Eve,
And though she looks so fair and sweet
Her make-up's full of real deceit.
She sprinkles star-dust in her eyes,
And steals her wings from butterflies.
She bathes her feet in dewdrops bright,
And makes her gowns of rainbow light.

Oh, Marguerite, she uses paint,
To make her face look like what it ain't.
And when her pretty cheeks are brown
She rubs them with a thistledown.
Then, in a poppy's sleepy head
She kisses 'till her lips are red;
And what is more—it's really true,
She puffs her litle nose—LIKE YOU.

Signaller Tom Skegell
1st Australian Div
8th Anzac Batt

The Smile

E. P., '20



HAVE you ever noticed that the lobbies of all small-town hotels are alike? And no matter what time of day you may happen to pass you find them filled with a nondescript assortment of men.

Brownville's is typical. It faces the Main Street, large glass windows extend across its entire front, and every afternoon, between the hours of three and six, its ample chairs are occupied by males of an apparently infinite leisure. Sometimes they may be discussing politics, sometimes the weather; but always the burning subject of debate is the passers-by: their appearance, their past, their present, and their future. It can not be said, however, that attention centers upon the aged and infirm, nor yet upon individuals of the masculine persuasion—many a Brownsville girl has walked around the block to escape the stamp of approval or disapproval from this self-constituted board of censors.

One bright afternoon, a prepossessing young stranger sat among our matinée group, quiet but entertained with his initiation into small-town life. The endless procession of pretty girls, the breathless attention of the idlers, the bits of town-gossip, the criticism, sometimes caustic, often admiring, seldom malicious, interested Mr. Bruce Roberts vastly.

"Here comes that girl Tom Allison wanted to marry," remarked one; "the old man wouldn't have it."

"There's Jim King's new wife. Some looker," ventured another.

A sudden straightening of shoulders and adjusting of neckties marked the advent of a striking young beauty, exaggeratedly fashionable, who pirouetted by on her high-heeled shoes.

"I wager she'll be next Queen of the Carnival all right," boomed an appreciative voice, which met with an enthusiastic chorus of assent.

Suddenly Roberts' attention was attracted by the appearance of an unusual type. A girl, strangely arresting in that cheerful, commonplace street; graceful in her dim draperies, mysterious, dark-eyed, pale, with a curious look of repression; a young figure of tragedy in that confetti-colored crowd.

The loungers watched her, silent, for once; their faces intent, puzzled, and somewhat awed.

"Does that young lady live here?" asked Roberts of a man near him.

"She does," was the laconic response.

"And who is she?" he persevered.

"Marshall's her name," the other replied. "That's all we know about her, except——" here he paused for a moment, and looked at his comrades as if asking corroboration, "except they say that no one has ever seen her smile. She and her father—he's manager of the steel plant in the iron foundry—moved here about five years ago. But nobody seems to know her any better now than he did when she first came."

Roberts' interest increased, for it was to take a position in the iron foundry that he had come to Brownsville.

From that hour, all the unfilled moments of his first lonely days in a strange place were given over to dreams of the unsmiling Miss Marshall, and to watching for her too-brief appearances upon Main Street. He became obsessed with a desire to penetrate the veil of her reserve, to solve the riddle

of her melancholy. During working time, he made himself assiduously agreeable to her father. High was his elation on the day that Mr. Marshall drove him home from the foundry; ecstatic the afternoon when he was asked to call; enthusiastic his acceptance of an invitation to dinner.

On the evening when immaculately garbed he made his début at the Marshalls, he was conscious of distinct palpitations of the spirit. The room in which he awaited his host was not done in the usual Brownsville manner; the book-lined walls, the dark carvings, the slender white flowers and delicate-shaded lights gave it an austere charm. Mr. Marshall greeted him cordially, and after a moment his daughter entered. She welcomed him in a colorless voice, and, while her gracious manner was faultless, she made him feel singularly unnecessary. She was more beautiful, however, than he had known; the warmth of her gorgeous chestnut hair contradicted the icy nullity of her deportment; the exquisite curves of her face seemed molded for dimples which never came; and the bow of her lovely mouth was indubitably made for smiles which never lifted its corners. He found her fascinating, provocative to a degree, in spite of her silence and the coldness of her unfeigned indifference—an attitude which the young gentleman had but seldom encountered; for Bruce Roberts, though a successful business man, had not confined his interests to business alone. He had distinguished himself at college; his zest for life, his tact, and sympathy insured him popularity both with men and women; and, too, he was a fine-looking, clean-cut young fellow, who talked as well as he thought.

He left Miss Marshall's that evening more interested than before, but very conscious of his failure to arouse her to response, and feeling the depressed conviction that she would hardly recognize him if she should ever see him again.

Great was his relief when, while taking a solitary walk about a week later, he heard the purr of a motor behind him, and a well-remembered voice called, "Will you have a ride?" He would. It was the first of many. His visits to the Marshall home increased in frequency, and had all the enthrallment of a game of chance; morning and evening held the possibility that at last she might smile; he felt that he was welcomed, and he was poignantly happy; but he was not content, for morning followed evening and no gleam of mirth lifted the droop of the girl's pensive, unsmiling mouth.

Summer and autumn fled away; the feeling of curiosity and pique which had dominated Roberts in the earlier weeks of his acquaintance with Miss Marshall had been absorbed in a deeper emotion; a warm friendship, compassion, and an absorbing desire to heal whatever hurt she might have had. He was sure that she responded in some measure to his regard, but she had never been confidential or reminiscent with him, and even in their most perfect moments he was conscious of the barrier that she imposed between them.

They had been skating one afternoon, and were sitting together before an intimate log fire in the Marshall's dusky living-room. They had not spoken for a long time, but her stillness was the quiet of peace; he felt none of the tense restraint which had so often distressed him. He moved over to where she sat on her long sofa.

"Josephine," he said, "why will you not smile for me?"

He met her eyes where trust seemed struggling with dread. Gently he took her hand.

"Tell me about it," he said.

Her mouth grew bitter. "I can't," she whispered.

"Not if you'd rather not, of course," he hastened to reassure her. "Can't you trust me?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

"Can't you talk about it?"

"No."

"Not even to me?"

"Bruce," she trembled, "it's such a sordid little story."

"Not if it's yours," he answered. A deep line came between his eyes. "Oh, my dear," he said, "I love you. Something troubles you greatly. I honestly think it would be best for you to tell me all about it."

She sat immobile and unresponsive for a few moments, then:

"Mother died," she told him, "and I was fifteen, and I adored her. We lived in New York then. Father was wonderful with me, but I saw him so seldom; he was lonely and I think he tried to overwhelm his sorrow with work; I had governesses, but none that I loved. Finally I was sent away to school—oh, an awful school, repressive and strict to a degree, with very little to stimulate or interest us deeply. If it hadn't been for my roommate I should have died, I think. She was light, life, and music to me! Nothing could quell her dancing spirit, and when her people asked me to spend a vacation with them, I was almost delirious with joy! They had a charming, gay house and were charming, gay people; we were part of the gayest summer life, and I was an uncaged bird: light-hearted, light-headed, light-footed, I danced and sang and flirted the summer away—and fell madly in love with a man much older than I, whom I considered absolute perfection. He was everything that school-girl romance could picture: dark, sinister, and *experienced*. He was a writer of magazine thrillers, and he hinted at lurid fame, and an unspeakable past. I—I worshiped him!"

Bruce put his clenched hands in his pockets and began to walk up and down the room. Her voice went on, quivering like the firelight: "He made the most passionate love to me, and I was wax in his hands. I gave up all sorts of jolly good times, just to be with him. I believed every syllable

that he uttered, and I meant every word that I said to him. I was only seventeen, and oh, I was so wildly, radiantly happy! When I went home I thought I was engaged to him." Bruce paused in his walk, and white to the lips, stood and looked at her. She continued: "I told father about it and he frowned and laughed, and said I must wait a long time before being serious about such things. I couldn't see why, and I wrote and told my hero of my cruel parent's edict, assuring him that nevertheless I would be true to him and would marry him at any moment that he wanted me. Bruce——" she faltered; he came to her and sat down by her side. "I had dreamed about our marriage so constantly that it was almost a reality. Imagine my feelings when I got a letter from him in reply to mine, telling me in the most brutal way that he had no intention of marrying me, nor any one else; and that if I had any such idea to put it out of my head at once. I can remember his very words: 'It was the young marvel of your smile that attracted me to you,' he wrote; 'any man could lose his head when you smile, and it was the witchery of that smile that led me on to play with you, you pretty, silly baby!'"

Bruce ground his teeth together.

"I felt that the end of the world had come," went on the low voice, "that my life was over. All my respect for myself was gone, all my faith in mankind was shattered. I had never doubted any one before. After that I could trust no one. There was no one I could talk to, I was humiliated beyond . . . words, and—alone."

The man who listened groaned and turned his face away.

"So I decided," went on the tremulous tones, "that if men were like that, if it were true that my smile could make them pretend to care for me, then I would never smile again.

"For a long time it was no effort not to smile, and finally, for it was as though I had taken a vow upon myself, I lost

the habit of smiling. We left New York to come here, but I have made no friends—you are the first. You have made me realize that all men are not cads. . . . And now I've told you, and I just can't bear it! O Bruce, I am so miserably ashamed!" she faltered, weeping.

Bruce Roberts wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. He looked down upon the bowed head with eyes in which pity, relief, and love struggled with an incredible and irresistible amusement.

"Josephine," he gasped, "you poor, dear, little kid! What did you want to scare me to death that way for?"

"*What!*" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, how do I know," he retorted. "Look up here, Josephine. *Smile*. Smile within an inch of your life, and don't you ever stop. Can't you see, sweetheart, how perfectly ridiculous we are. . . ." He paused, dazzled

. . .
For Josephine had smiled; and it was like the dawning of day. And her mouth—well, her mouth was sweeter than honeysuckle.

The Hills

AMY SMYTHE, '22

The hills change their expression: with the passing
Seasons they fit themselves to Nature's every mood:
The hills change; but they are always waiting,
And when I go to them they comfort me.
The hills know: for I have sat with them
And told them things, all sorts of things—they
understand.

Does understanding come from suffering?

It does with men.

You do not know that hills can suffer too?

And yet, they must.

How joyfully at dawn the western hills

Laugh, for the sun is coming.

See, how he rises in the east and journeys to them.

All day they wait, and then at evening

He lingers but a moment, and is gone,

And the night falls.

Do you think the hills are lonely in the darkness?

I know they are for they have told me so:

They snuggle up together in the darkness,

And wait until the morning comes again . . .

Ah, yes, they know, they understand . . .

Dear, friendly hills!

Dux Femina



YOUNG Brandon, hot-cheeked and furious, rode violently homeward. He had been accepted and rejected in the same hour by the same girl; hustled about like a movie hero in a heart-interest scenario, by jing!

Their first embrace in the sheltered garden had been interrupted by the untimely intrusion of an anæmic, tow-head mountain-child, who had listlessly besought them to buy her dewberries.

Diana's eyes had followed her as she had departed.

"Carter," she had said, "it was because of those people that I trained in sociology and social service. I have so many plans for them! When I think that I might have cared for somebody far away and had to choose between my work and my love . . . ! But it is You—Us—! Oh, I am lucky!"

"Darling," he had remarked, fatuously firm, "when you are my wife, you will be so busy taking care of me and of Brandon Hall that you won't have much time for anything else."

Straightway had Diana's red head appeared to flame, though her demeanor had become as snow upon the mountains.

"I never heard anything so mediæval in my life!" she had observed. "You, Carter, are quite young enough to be modern at least. Evidently we have made a mistake; let us end it at once."

She had thrust his 'scutcheoned ring into his almost paralyzed hand and made a swift exit down the box-bordered path.

Confound these women's colleges! Here he was, a broken man, because of what they had done to the once lovely character of a perfectly stunning girl! Her life also, he reflected with sad satisfaction, was indubitably ruined. He ground his teeth.

Heat quivered above the red-clay road and beat the sweet breath out of the honeysuckle thickets as he swerved his sweating horse aside to a bridle-path through the woods, and sought the soothing coolness of the leafy shadows. With a pang he remembered that it was hereabouts, last Easter vacation, that he had fallen in love with her! Though they had been comrades since pinafore days, she had been only a boyish, jolly good sort till that spring, when suddenly as they rode together one day, an overhanging bough of blossoming laurel had plucked off her hat and clutched at her gorgeous down-tumbling hair; as he had disentangled her, she had blushed herself into a bewitching woman right before his smitten eyes. It had finished him!

He struck savagely with his crop at a low branch. Something little and soft fell from it, and he put out an involuntary hand to catch it. It was a bird's nest, and, as he held it, a ray of sunlight penetrated the green gloom and lit its tiny hollow with ruddy gold. For it was lined with Diana's woven hair!

Brandon sat rigid upon his munching steed while he gazed in meditation upon that empty nest.

Wasn't he a stultified brute? He guessed yes!

Girls' magnificent plans, their little enthusiasms,—what earthly difference did they make after all, bless 'em! Weren't they up against it anyhow? Could they get away from the big essentials of their appointed jobs? *Could they?* A thrill of remorseful tenderness swept him. He wheeled his horse and precipitately retraced his way.

Diana was still in the garden. She had been crying, and she held the gardener's fat baby cuddled up in her arms. It wriggled down and toddled away as the hurrying cavalier approached and flung himself at his lady's feet.

"Dearest," he gasped, "I am a fool and you know it—but please love me just the same! Nothing matters—but *this!*" he concluded incoherently. And he showed her the nest with its incendiary lining.

"Precious," he entreated, "light my life with that bright head of yours, make my home soft with your loveliness,—and do anything, anywhere, with anybody you like! Have your own adorable way! Only marry me!"

Diana regarded the nest enigmatically. With heightened color she surveyed her penitent. Then, with a little gesture of *abandon*, she put her head down on his shoulder.

"I will, Carter," she murmured, with a fine, inscrutable smile.

Truly . . .

Beyond the farthest mountain lies
A lake the color of your eyes,
As placid, calm, and deeply blue
As those dear sapphire eyes of you.

I know there is a temple there
With bronze gods like your tawny hair,
For I have seen them . . . so it seems . . .
A thousand years ago, in dreams.

The sun drifts through the broken roof
To where the idols cold, aloof,
Sit silent on a lapis throne,
Remote, deserted, and alone.

There is a city somewhere near,
Long-lost, long sought for many a year;
A wonder city, ages old,
Built all of precious stones and gold.

It lies ten thousand miles away,
But I could reach it in a day,
If you were waiting there for me
To smile a welcome, Natalie.

EDITORIALS



SIGNALLER TOM SKEYHILL, ANZAC

On our first page, we print with pride the verses sent the magazine by Signaller Tom Skeyhill.

Have the new girls heard of our Runaway Poet?

This is the story . . .

He was an Anzac; he had been blinded at Gallipoli when his company made a brilliant charge against the Turks; while wounded, he had spoken most eloquently for our Liberty Loans, his talents in that line finally landing him in the net of Colonel Pond.

Under this management, he lectured many times and in many places throughout the United States.

In May, 1918, as by a miracle, his sight was restored to him through an operation at a Washington hospital. During his convalescence, he realized that the world had been very much too much with him and he was tired to death of managers. So he planned to escape from the limelight—to Arcady, preferably.

The spirit of adventure called to him, whereupon he consulted not Colonel Pond, but a map. Small interest for him, however, had such names as Coal City, Medicine Hat, Jonesville or Rabbit Hash.

He was about to give up his quest, when his eye fell upon the State of Virginia, which as every one knows spells romance, and in Virginia, like a rose upon its Blue Mountains, he found the name, *Sweet Briar*.

Here, indeed, was lure enough for a war-scarred poet!

Sweet Briar . . . He pictured a hidden hamlet hedged round with blooming thorn; perhaps there would be an ancient manor-house dreaming in still gardens; perhaps—a Sleeping Beauty held powerless by the chains of enchanted slumber and cursed with no confounded vivacity . . . Sweet Briar . . .

The Poet paused only for his hat.

After many hours upon a train, behold him deposited at our gates, somewhat distracted.

Here, indeed, was beauty and peace and stateliness, though not as he had pictured it; and as he stood there gazing, hesitant, lo!—even a Princess (but she was by no means asleep), and, while he watched, in place of one, appeared three hundred.

In horror he turned and fled.

“Where is the village?” he demanded of an unsympathetic ticket agent at the station.

“Village? Oh, you mean Amherst,” drawled that official, who was used to answering the queries of wild-eyed young men. Still further wandering and bewilderment ensued, and then Mars and the Muses must have taken a hand in the fate of their votary, for he sought shelter at a hospitable house known and loved by us all, where he was welcomed with waffles and wild honey, and given a four-poster bed of sorts.

In this refuge, “far from the madding crowd” and incidentally the frantic Colonel Pond, the Poet remained lost indefinitely.

Sweet Briar, however, wrought its magic with him, and its enchantment gradually enticed him to make himself known.

He resumed his practice of verse-making and of eloquence; and while the results of his industry in the former art will be witnessed soon by the publication of a new volume, the latter gift was exercised only for the delectation of "Miss Meadows and de gals" at Sweet Briar.

This was how it came to pass that last spring, during the difficult weeks just before exams, our weary souls were solaced with the exhilarating presence of a Runaway Soldier Poet.

And Sweet Briar added one more legend to its fragrant archives.

Nine Groans

S. R. R., '21

“What time do you have breakfast here?
 At seven-thirty? Listen, dear,
 Wake me at seven twenty-nine,—
 Oh, yes, there will be lots of time!
 Just throw a shoe or anything,
 I'll never hear the old bell ring.”

.

The morning dawns both bright and fair,
 There's smell of bacon on the air.
 The whistle jars my slumbers sweet,
 My roommate leaps up to her feet,
 And shrieks she, rudely, “Get up, Shell,
 There goes the dear old rising-bell!”
 “Go 'way,” I snap, “and let me sleep;
 The scrambled eggs will surely keep!”
 Peg, noting my pugnacious tone,
 Goes out and leaves me all alone.
 I doze while minute hands go 'round,
 Then waken with a startled bound.
 It's very still, no sound I hear;
 The silence helps confirm my fear.
 With coat o'er my pajamas good,
 I do a marathon for food,
 And try to gain the steps before
 Our Effie closes fast the door.
 Alas, too late! With fiendish glee
 She shuts it in the face of me.
 I sink down on the lowest stair;
 And while I'm sadly drooping there,
 I hear a strange *click—click'ty—click*,
 Like flapping shoe-strings striking brick:

Marie appears with wild-eyed stare,
(And oh, but you should see her hair!)
"Why, Shell," she says, "are you here too?"
"Well, yes," I answer, "can't get through;
Old Cerb'rus is too smart for *me*."
"No one can fox her," sighs Marie.
Just then I find that in the rush
I've brought along my old toothbrush.
I hurl it at the radiator:—
"Doggone Effie! I just hate her!"
She peers out at me with a grin,
And says, "A quarter'll let you in."
"Nev-er!" I swear, "I'd sooner take
To breakfasting on chocolate cake,—
Numerous other people do,—
Rather than argue here with you."
She doesn't deign to answer me,
But shuts the door so I can't see
My little friends and playmates, who
Are munching as I long to do.
I sit down on the steps again,
And try to map out a campaign
For breaking through that fast-closed door,—
Some scheme that's helped me in before,—
But not a chance, old Effie's wise,
And all my plans seems to surmise.
A teacher comes into my view:—
"Why, Miss Rouse! What is wrong with you?"
"Nothing," I say and gently smile,
"I'm merely resting here a while.
I thought to breakfast, but I find
Effie has helped me change my mind."
Miss Crawford laughs and goes on by,
And Effie dares not question why
She comes in late to breakfast . . . Gee,
I wish that I were Faculty!

Founder's Day

Sweet Briar celebrated its fourteenth Founder's Day on Friday, October 24th, in spite of the rain which fell with dogged persistence.

The exercises were held in the chapel at ten-thirty in the morning, and were very dignified and impressive. The procession marched in as usual to the music of "Ancient of Days," and the invocation was pronounced by Dr. Thomas D. Lewis, who was for so long the college chaplain. Mr. Manson, who every year tells us the story of Sweet Briar and its founders, was to our deep regret unable to be present, so Miss McVea, instead, talked to us for a few minutes about the Williams family, and gave us a very tender, touching picture of lonely little Daisy. After the Glee Club had sung, "Orpheus with His Lute," Dr. William Allan Neilson, president of Smith College, spoke to us, taking as the subject of his interesting address, "Is It a New World?"

The afternoon dance in the gym was given under the auspices of the Junior Class and was frequently interrupted by several unlucky members of the Freshman Class, who were engaged in carrying out the punishments inflicted upon them by the rigid rules of the Vigilance Committee. Fritzie Virden was required to stand up in the midst of the dance and sing a popular song of ancient vintage. Stanley Miller was seen in a chemistry apron with her hair in two pigtails, running to and fro across the campus every time that Elizabeth McKellar, who was engaged in picking up pebbles from the drive, blew a loud blast upon a tin horn. Christine Berger, attired in a riding habit, was requested to ride a

broomstick around the flag-pole, which was being brushed with a whisk-broom by Julia Anderson, etc. Needless to say all these antics afforded much amusement to the many visitors who were here for the dances.

Elinor Guthrie, '22, led the figure at the evening dance with Captain Nelson, from the University of Virginia.



“We do not think it a crime, sir,
To make the Freshmen climb, sir;
Or play the ukulele
Up in the walnut tree.”



“We think it's lots of fun, sir,
To make the Freshmen run, sir;
To see old Stanley Miller
Gallop over the green.”



The Junior Play

With Katherine Taylor, president of Dramatics as director, the Junior Class of Sweet Briar College took great pleasure in presenting Miss Martha Darden, '17, in "Quality Street," Saturday, October 18th.

Martha as "Miss Phœbe," and Rhoda Allen as the "dashing Captain Brown," were splendid, and added greatly to their already long string of admirers, as the many bouquets received over the footlights, and the following rhapsodies from the pens of two smitten —— bear witness. Strange as it may seem, both verses are written in the same style and both are entitled, "To Her," but we presume from the word, "petite," that Miss Darden is the object of the first:

"We are both on the social ladder,
 But She is many rungs above me,
 For She is an actress, well-beloved by all, a Star of Stars,
 While I am only an insignificant little stage-hand.
 I admire Her and look up to Her with the rest.
 She is so *petite*, so dainty, so pretty,
 That I can not help loving Her.
 I realize that it is foolish, but alas, I am powerless,—
 I would not have it any other way."

"Bootsy" Scovell's name gives us a clue to the second:

"I saw her to-night,
 Coming back from the party
 Across the lake.
 The wind had played havoc with her dark hair,
 And raindrops glistened on her face.

It made me think
 Of what she said to "Miss Phœbe"
 In the Junior Play,
 Just before she proposed to her:
 'Your face is wet,
 And I wish always to kiss you
 When your face is wet!'
 I was on my way to the Library
 When I met her,
 She and her roommate, Bootsy Scovell,
 And she smiled and said, 'Hello, Janet,'
 And a thrill walked right up my backbone
 And slid down again,
 And I stumped my toe
 On a brick,
 And almost broke my neck.
 Wouldn't you *know* it?
 Clumsy fool!"

To continue,—shrieks of laughter greeted every appearance of Fanny Ellsworth, Marion Shafer, and Edith Durrell as the three old maids, and "Mad" Shidler as "Patty," the servant, almost brought down the house. "Fran" Simpson played "Miss Susan," mistress of the Blue and White room, exceedingly well, and the well-chosen cast, whose acting made the play a success, is to be congratulated.

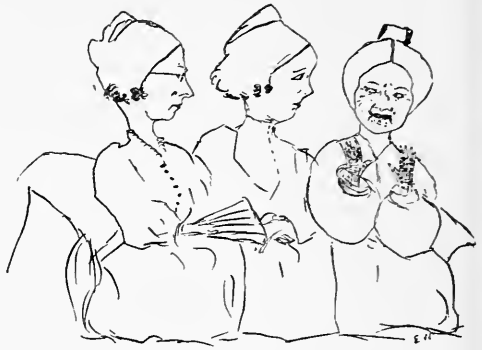
The cast:

Phoebe Throssel	}Martha Darden
Livvy		
Valentine Brown	Rhoda Allen
Miss Susan	Frances Simpson
Patty	Madelou Shidler
Miss Willoughby	Marion Shafer
Miss Fanny	Fanny Ellsworth
Miss Henrietta	Edith Durrell
Miss Charlotte Parrott	Russe Blanks

Ensign Blades Sara Tolar
Lieutenant Spicer Katherine Pennewill
Harriet Mary Taylor
Arthur Wellesley Tomson Kitty Birdsey
Sergeant Miriam Thompson
Georgie Emma Adams

Other Children: Margaret Tuttle, Emma Mai Crockett,
Phyllis Payne, Alice Babcock, Eunice Branch, and
Adele Feis

Mistress of the Wardrobe, Maynette Rozelle
Stage Manager, Shelley Rouse
Property Man, Betty Cole
Assistant Director, Catherine Cordes



Y. W. C. A.

FLORENCE IVES, '21

Never before in the history of the Young Women's Christian Association, at Sweet Briar, has the organization had more opportunities for service. With a college filled to its capacity of nearly three hundred girls, the work can not be limited.

The demand for a greater broadening out has been felt in every phase of the work, and perhaps the greatest leap in this direction has been the erection of the "Hut." There was a great need for a recreation building, which became so urgent last year that the officers of the Y. W. C. A. expressed their willingness to undertake the superintending of its construction. It was an unusually heavy responsibility and one that increased as the building progressed. The price of labor at such a time as this is disheartening. The result is that the "Hut" is costing almost double the amount estimated. We are counting on the firm support of every Sweet Briar girl. Are you confident that you have done your utmost?

The house warming of the "Hut" took place on November 1st. In the afternoon the waitresses and people on the estate were welcomed, and in the evening the faculty and their families joined in the festivities of a Hallowe'en celebration.

The decorations and entertainments were under the direction of Ruth Fiske, chairman of the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A., and Marion Adams.

The Social Service Committee, under the chairmanship of Ida Massie, has taken over more work this year than ever

before. As formerly, the Sunday schools for the people on the Sweet Briar estate and for the waitresses are held every Sunday morning. The classes for the waitresses are more interesting and more varied even than last year.

The Extension Committee, under Helen Anderson, has planned a course in elementary sewing for the little girls on the place and one in drawing for the boys. The work and plans for hiking to the Bear Mountain Mission has been organized. Miss Wagner, the young woman who is working earnestly for the betterment of the mission children, has asked for our help. There is a great work to be done there and one full of interest.

We are proud to have a Sweet Briar girl chairman of the Undergraduate Field Representatives of the South Atlantic Field. This is a new office, and one which means a great deal of corresponding to keep the organizations in touch with each other and with the headquarters at Richmond. Marion Shafer, '21, holds this office.

The Voluntary Study chairman, Elizabeth Elkins, has had a great opportunity in meeting the demand for more information on present-day matters. There are six different courses, all of which are being very well attended.

We might enumerate the work and plans of the other committees. The increase in the work of every one of them, however, has grown to the same extent as the foregoing.

The Y. W. C. A. at Sweet Briar is striving to meet the demands made of it. Give it your earnest support.

The "H" Hut

MADOLON SHIDLER, '21

As former Sweet Briar students returned this fall their first surprise was the rustic sign at the station, and the second none less than the Hut.

It is useless to believe that any one had any idea it would be so nearly completed, but it was; we made 'em all sit up and look around. Of its formal opening we will speak more anon.

A description of the Hut is now in order for those unfortunate souls, alumnae and such, who have not yet had the pleasure of seeing our latest addition to the campus.

The Hut is situated back of the tennis courts on the drive to the athletic field, far enough away from the academic atmosphere and quiet hour to be free from the eternal "s-s-h." We extend a cordial invitation to all those belonging to the anti-s-s-h club to come down from eight to ten every day.

When the wicker furniture which we have ordered arrives and you think of dropping into a davenport in front of the open fire, with the strains of "Jazz Baby" or "Mammy o' Mine" in your ears, we feel certain that you will make the "Y" Hut your headquarters.

There is a little kitchenette, too, and opening from it a den which will also be furnished in wicker. Bring down your mother, brothers, fiancés, and playmates for tea. Come early and avoid the rush.

Red Cross

EMMA MAI CROCKETT, '23

The Red Cross meant a great deal to us during the war. That flaming emblem stood out amidst the horrors and miseries of that black time. It was a symbol of Love and Mercy that lighted the dark pathway of our soldiers and became part of our social lives.

When the cry came for funds to carry on the work of the organization, every true American gave, and gave until it hurt. Not only did we give money. Many of our noblest men and women devoted their time and energies to the cause. They have immortalized the Red Cross. Throughout the ages, their work will stand as a symbol of faith and service to mankind. They did a great work but their task is not completed. Indeed, it is only begun, and the American nation must stand behind them.

From the second of November until the eleventh, the Third Red Cross Roll Call was held. The cry was not alone for funds. The Red Cross needs men and women as well. It wants not only money, but your heart and head and service. Dr. Axson tells us that the American Red Cross took to Europe "something quite beyond price, faith to the faithless and an example of straightforward, honest dealing. We have," he says, "incurred a terrible and abiding responsibility, not to destroy what our hands planted, not to quench a flame enkindled by ourselves. We are trustees of the faith."

We must not break this faith. The Red Cross needs \$15,000,000 to finish its obligations abroad, so, in the Third Red Cross Roll, this sum was asked in addition to the membership fees.

Money is not only needed for work abroad, but also for work at home. The organization is planning to concentrate the main strength of its work in the future on the needs of the United States. Questions of vital national importance now confront us, and in the Red Cross we find the answer to many of them.

Our most vital problems are neighborhood problems. The Red Cross can aid us by unifying communities for neighborhood welfare. Indeed, the Government has recognized the value of the organization in such work, and the Red Cross nurses have returned from war with this purpose strong within them. They demand that they be permitted and assisted to do for the American public what they did for the American Army and Navy.

Dr. Axson informs us of some very interesting and deplorable facts: "For every American soldier's grave in France, there are eight baby graves in the United States in one year; that while seven million men were killed in four years of war, six million people died throughout the world, in two years, of influenza; 200,000 adults die each year of tuberculosis; that more than half of the school children show some defect, in some cases remediable; that one of every three men drafted for military service was rejected as unfit." With the confidence of experience, the nurses say that most of these things are unnecessary, and that they, the nurses, will prove it, if given a chance.

The Red Cross has formulated many plans for its future work. At a recent conference held in Paris, Mr. Henry P. Davison proposed a plan for world-wide extension and coördination of Red Cross activities. By a meeting of representatives of Red Cross organizations from all parts of the world it is proposed to unite and coördinate the work for the betterment of mankind. This congress will be held at Geneva and great results are expected from it. Many plans

are being made for work in the United States. The Nursing Service is to be expanded, especially in two fields, Home Nursing and Public Health Nursing. Both of these will be operated by the chapters. Many minor plans of extension are being developed in this field.

During the war 1,800 social workers were trained in the Red Cross Home Service Institutes, while thousands of others took less technical courses. The demand for this work is increasing. This department has multiplied the trained social workers of the United States and is to continue on a definite program.

A plan of Disaster Relief is being worked out with the Surgeon-General's office. By this plan the fifty base hospitals sent to Europe by the Red Cross shall be kept as reserve organizations situated in fifty localities throughout the country. Each is to have government supplies sufficient for a thousand-bed hospital. The names of the nurses and doctors who served with these units will be kept on the rolls and they will be subject to emergency call. First aid instruction is to be renewed. Chapters will form classes in schools, clubs, factories, and industrial concerns. During the war the Junior Red Cross produced \$10,000,000 worth of Red Cross war supplies, and now these children and their teachers wish to continue the work. A definite program meeting the needs of this branch of the service is being worked out.

Such are some of the plans the Red Cross has formed and we as Americans must aid them. The day set for the close of the Third Red Cross Drive marked the anniversary of one of the greatest days in the history of the world, the day when the armistice was signed, bringing a period of rest to the war-weary peoples of the earth. By contributing to this great organization we may give a thank offering for victory, and rededicate ourselves to the principle for which our men died.

Current Events

SARA TOLAR, '21

The first meeting of the Current Events Club for the year 1919-1920 was held October 1st. The club was exceedingly fortunate in securing a speaker for the opening meeting, Dr. D. E. Powers, of the University Bureau of Travel. Dr. Powers gave a most interesting and instructive talk on world conditions. The second meeting, held October 7th, was in the nature of a drive for membership. Miss Margaret Turner, president of Current Events, reminded us that we are in danger of becoming narrow in our isolated position in the country, and urged that every one take a lively, working interest in the club, so that Sweet Briar might keep well informed as to the world around her. A series of most entertaining living cartoons followed Miss Turner's talk. At the third meeting, held October 14th, Dr. Ivan McDougle, of the Sweet Briar faculty, gave a particularly opportune talk on the steel strike. He told us what demands the strikers were making; what conditions had prevailed among steel workers previous to the strike; how Judge Gary, representing the steel interests, was handling the situation; and the probable outcome. Altogether, we gained a much more comprehensive viewpoint in regard to the steel industry.

Current Events is one of the most important student organizations at Sweet Briar. It is believed that this year it will be a bigger, better factor in college life than ever before, and the hearty coöperation of the entire college, both students and faculty, is earnestly desired.



At the beginning of this college year we are exceedingly glad to find the names of so many new schools upon our list of exchanges. Even now, however, we regret that so few of the older, more established colleges have answered our earnest plea for open-minded criticisms of our magazine; nay, that few have even acknowledged the receipt of it. For unless these larger schools aid us by exchanging with us, how can we hope to improve the quality of our magazine, having no means of comparison? We, therefore, plead with the older and larger colleges, as well as with institutions of our own age and size, to place THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE upon their list of exchanges, and to give us that criticism of which we stand in such great need.

We sorely regret that there were so few issues of THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE for the year 1918-1919. We hastily add that that lack was due to "the pernickety flu demon," which did not spare our editors. On account of the general prevalence of Spanish influenza throughout the country, we feel sure that the editors of other college magazines will appreciate our difficulties. We promise with all sincerity that this year our magazine will be published more frequently and will be, we hope, of better quality than it has ever been before.



We acknowledge the receipt of *The Lesbian Herald*, *St. Mary's Chimes*, *The Western Oxford*, and several other

magazines, copies of which arrived last year after our last issue had gone to press, and we sincerely hope that we shall have the coöperation of these same colleges this year.



The Tattler has a remarkably fine collection of stories and verse, jest and serious matter, balanced with discrimination. The poetry is especially worthy of comment. "Evening" is an exquisite little lyric in which the sparks of genius are more than apparent. Methinks the author of "A Secret" must have imbibed from "the magic of the sunrise" some of the charm and color which her poem reflects. "Memory" and "In a Chinese Restaurant in America" are quaint and very picturesque. "K—a—j—a—h" reflects somewhat the modern craze for spiritualism and the cult of the Ouija board. It is a clever plot and is well executed. We wish that we could say the same for "Quæ cum ita sint." "A Matter of Gloves" has a quality that one rarely finds in college magazines, brevity and, therefore, wit. We congratulate *The Tattler* also upon its new department, "Worriendum Est," and wish it all the success that its propitious beginning seems to portend.



The Pharetra has an unusually well-filled poet's corner. Most of the verse is lovely in its language and its color-pictures, but in tone and rhythm there is something lacking. The little legend, "The Longing of Keemis," seems to have caught quite well the swing of Indian poetry. "September" has a vividness and warmth of color that well befits its subject. "The Lotus Flower" is weighted with "the scent of many roses, overpowering yet pleasant"; it is clear from the beginning that Solia is too sweet to last, but we rather pity her if all her lovers treat her in this wise. "The

Transformation," along with a nice, comfortable "home-coming" story, has some excellent descriptive passages. The sketches and bits of local color add much to the worth and interest of the magazine.



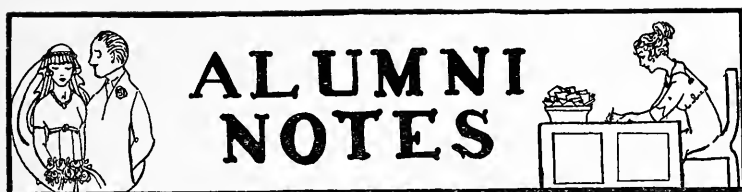
The dominant interest of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is the influence of the Great War upon the student mind. It is evident that most of the contributors to this issue have served overseas, and the impress that their experiences have left upon their mind and their general outlook on life is admirably reflected in the stories and sketches of the magazine. Indeed, all the material of this issue might well be grouped under the title of one of its essays, or series of essays: "Post-War Impressions."



If the university is interested primarily in the war and its aftermath, Virginia Polytechnic Institute is primarily, nay, wholly, absorbed in athletics. Football is the sole topic discussed in the *Virginia Tech*, it stands out in bold-faced type upon every page. We wish you all sorts of luck, V. P. I., but we hope that you will devote yourself to literary as well as athletic pursuits as time goes on.



We acknowledge also *The Critograph* and *St. Mary's Chimes*.



MARRIAGES

On the 31st of October, Leslie McCarten married Mr. Frederick Wheeler, of Philadelphia.

On November 1st, Stella Gwynn married Mr. Norman Baugh, of Danville, Va.

Daisy Bullard has married Lieut. John Bradford.

On the 4th of October, Elizabeth Cofield married Mr. John Thornton, of Atlanta, Ga.

Grace Mountcastle has married Mr. Robert Snowden, of Memphis, Tenn.

Idell McNeal married Mr. William Covington, of Fairport, Va.

On December 8th, Frances Wilde will marry Mr. Herman Boose.

Fredericka Hackman is going to marry Dr. Paul Maxwell in December.

Mary La Boiteaux married Mr. William H. Ellis, Jr., of Cincinnati, on the 15th of November.

STUDENTS AT OTHER COLLEGES

Smith: Gertrude Whitmore, Caroline Hausen, Frances Helmich, Katherine Hauch.

Missouri University: Esther Hill, Isabel Strother.

Denver University: Gertrude Thams.

Texas University: Zelda Harris.

Northwestern University: Marion North.

University of Illinois: Adelaide Rendelmann.

University of Wisconsin: Claire Taylor, Mary Stinson, Olive Mitchell, Ruth Hodgson, Katherine Hanitch, Lucille Johnson, Elizabeth Schnoerbach, Hildegard Young, Aline Morton, Ruth Geer, Evelyn Tousley, Katherine Shanahan, Ruth Lundholm, Helen Shirtliff.

Syracuse University: Margaret Haskins.

Wells College: Ruth Slater.

Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.: Ethel McClain.

De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind.: Mary Walkup, Margaret Garry.

Barnard College: Mary Julia Hackman.

Colorado College: Helen Harper.

Lindenwood College, Missouri: Christie Webster.

Louise Hammond is in business school in Richmond.

Josephine Payne is teaching near Lynchburg.

Cornelia Carroll is teaching in the New London Academy.

Rosanne Gilmore is working on the New York Board of Health.

BIRTHS

To Mrs. Ryerson D. Gates (née Delia May Gilmore), a son, Ryerson Gates, Jr.

“Society at the Briar”

PATHÉ MONTHLY

SEES ALL—MISSES NOTHING

Everything at Sweet Briar has a beginning and the social season neither last nor least. With the first mention of the Y. W. party every new girl pricks up her ears and the social season is started on its scintillating career. But why dwell on the Y. W. party at any length? Every one can make a mental picture of the affair,—the cabinet weighted down with calling cards extending glad welcomes and sweet nothings, the entertaining stunts, and, above all, the thrill of rising on tiptoe at the mention of our native state. The refreshments we shall pass over, also the attempts at dancing and carrying on conversation at the same time. But even so, every New Girls' party is a success, from the Old Girls' point of view at least,—providing they were able to remember the names of the girls they took and could find them to take them home.

“What *is* the Briar coming to?” “How times have changed!” “Home was never like this!” Such exclamations are constantly on the lips of every former S. B. girl, as the new improvements make themselves felt. The new bus which replaces the old “Jewel Box” and “Black Maria,” the imposing sign at the station, the movies, the soda fountain (this will always be a nine days' wonder, even to the most sophisticated of us), the “Boxwood Tea Room” sign, and various and sundry other additions. We feel as if we were really coming into our own at last. When the Hut is opened, “Pathé” will continue this article, but at present the usually resourceful society editor is still slightly speechless with surprise, and therefore rather ill at ease for expression.

“Pathè” can not help but noticing the parties that have been thrown for the various Freshmen. Perhaps when we were Freshmen, we were not sufficiently popular, for such social affairs were quite unknown to us. Miss Helen Johnston and the members of her suite, Miss Katy Taylor and roommates, Miss Madelon Shidler, Miss Lee Schurman, Miss Madelaine Bigger, Miss Maynette Rozelle, Miss Corinne Loney, Miss Florence Ives and sweetmates, Miss Margaret Mierke, and Miss Charlotte Anderson have been the hostesses at these charming affairs. Miss Morrell Jones is still entertaining lavishly and Miss Elmyra Pennypacker is contemplating giving a party at almost any moment. It must be truly diverting to be a Freshman under the present social conditions. Is it too much to hope that a few of these parties will be returned? We devoutly trust not.

Perhaps this item is not exactly of a social order, but it seems that the residents of Carson have been looking exceedingly cheerful during the rainy season. No doubt they are hoping that the Board will think it has rained enough to repair the tubs.

Miss Mattie Hammond and Miss Ruth Simpson have certainly had things coming their way lately. What with callers from the bright blue sky and forty-two (yes, we said 42) pounds of candy, their life has been just one social whirl after another.

All social activities have not been confined to the student body by any manner of means. Although we were excluded from the party by our academic standing, we have credible information that a good time was had by all. We hear that it was very fortunate for Dr. Bradley and Mr. McDougal that Mr. Nierman attended the party. Dr. Bradley has just taken his rib from a sling, his injuries resulting from pokes from Mr. McDougal during the charades. Speaking of charades, the students never will be at rest until they

know just who wore Katy Taylor's green bathing suit borrowed for the occasion. Otherwise the affair was very dressy and quite the *soirée* of the season.

The Junior Play has been elsewhere discussed with ease and expression, so "Pathé" will spare its readers another discourse upon the same affair. A very exclusive and entertaining after-theater party was given in the tea room by the new Ripplers of 1919 to the old Ripplers. Sufficient and uproarious entertainment was supplied by Selma Brandt, Frances Simpson, and Elizabeth Shoop. The Ripplers also entertained two visitors, Miss Katherine Hawes and Miss Martha Darden.

Society was immensely perturbed and alarmed by the unaccountable absence from college of the Misses Lettes, Shoop and McLemore for several hours. It was later learned that they lost their way and were absent for three hours while walking from Sweet Briar to Mount St. Angelo, which lies fifteen minutes' walk straight across the fields from college. Great anxiety was expressed by all when the incident was made known and it is to be hoped that such a catastrophe will never occur again.

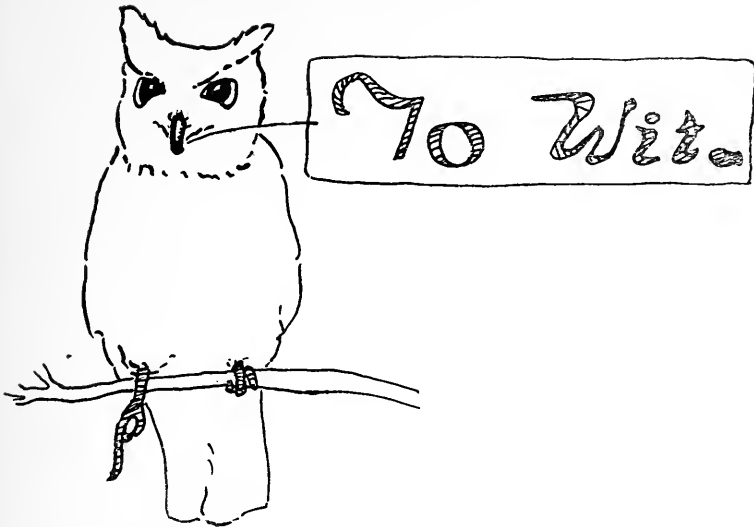
Miss Fanny Ellsworth, of Carson Boulevard, has sent out cards requesting that hereafter, in view of her part in the Junior Play, she prefers not to be called "Fanny." "Frances" or "Fay" are two names said to be favorites of Miss Ellsworth.

Several people have complained to the society editor of the distressing habit of running to the Refectory immediately upon the ringing of the 7:30 bell. This habit is very annoying to people who are just arising or contemplating arising, and in the name of these sufferers "Pathé" asks her fellow-students to be more considerate.

Some of our fellow-classmates have been demonstrating their interest in affairs of the outside world by attending

the football games in Lynchburg. We who have not been quite so fortunate in securing invitations have not been entirely deprived of similar entertainments. While Miss Lee Schurman, Miss Rhoda Allen, and Miss Elizabeth Franklin were acting as sponsors for the games in Lynchburg, a few fortunate students were both audience and sponsors for the first Faculty-Student game. Such a clash between brains and brawn has seldom been witnessed and, judging from the score, it must be admitted that for once the latter was triumphant. The costumes of some of the players were slightly unconventional, but such a trifling matter only went to make the affair even more of a howling success.

Since all our allotted space has been used up, "Pathé" is forced to withdraw from the field and give way to the other editors. Our supply of news is by no means exhausted and we already have a large budget on hand for our next issue. We know you just "can't wait" to read it.



A school paper is a great invention,
The staff gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money,
And the editor all the blame.

—Luke McLuke, Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

Struck by the notice, "Iron Sinks," in a shop-window, a wag went inside and said he was perfectly aware that "iron sank."

The smart shopkeeper, alive to the occasion, replied:

"Yes, and time flies, wine vaults, sulphur springs, jam rolls, gum drops, grass slopes, music stands, Niagara Falls, moonlight walks, sheep run, and holiday trips, scandal spreads, and India rubber tires, the organ stops, trade returns, and ——"

But the visitor had bolted. After collecting his thoughts, he returned and showing his head at the doorway, shouted, "Yes, and marble busts!"—*Irish World*.

Junior: " 'Lorna Doone' will be here at the movies Saturday night."

Fresh: "Zat so! What's she playing in?"

Mr. Nierman (in chemistry class): "Miss Webb, what is soda water?"

Izzy (sadly): "Eighteen cents a glass."

A Sunday-school teacher was astounded to see one of her small pupils sitting on a younger playmate and holding him tight to the ground.

"Johnny!" she exclaimed, "didn't I tell you not to strike any one till you had counted one hundred?"

"Ain't hit him yet! Sixty-five, se'enty, se'enty-five, eighty——"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Purchaser (who is selecting wedding gift): "Yes, I rather like that. What is the title?"

Picture Dealer: " 'The Coming Storm'—would make a splendid wedding present."

Teacher: "Willie, how many teeth have you?"

Willie: "Mouthful!"

Fresh: "Are puppet shows the same as dog shows?"

Oliver was struggling through a story in a reading lesson: "It was not a sloop," said the captain, "it was a larger vessel. By the rig I took her to be a—a—a——" Here he stopped, for the word was unfamiliar in this connection.

"Bark," prompted the teacher.

Still Oliver hesitated.

"Bark," repeated the teacher quite sharply.

Oliver's expression was perplexed, but being an obedient child, he shouted, "Bow-wow!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

Miss Young (lecturing in Appreciation of Music): "Now here comes the contrast——" And in walked a Freshman!!

Mr. Nierman (lecturing in Chem I): "Now, of course, you all know what a vacuum it. It is nothing in the true sense of the word."

Fresh: "Can you feel colors?"

Upper-classman: "No! Why ask such an absurd question?"

Fresh: "Well, I didn't know. Often I have felt blue. When I come to Psych I feel green. Once in a hockey game I felt yellow, and when I cut class I feel spotted."—*Punch Bowl*.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Bulldog for Sale—Eats everything, especially fond of children.

Wanted—An organist and boy to blow same.

Wanted to Exchange—One cap and gown for ice-cream freezer and a twin go-cart.

Lost and Found—S. B. Bulletin—Lost—At Sweet Briar House, an umbrella, by a member of the faculty with a broken rib and a bone handle.

"Lives of students all remind us
That our lives are not sublime,
For they have to work like thunder
To get their notebooks in on time."

QUOTATIONS

We are so fresh the new-mown blades of grass turn pale with envy as we pass.—Class of '23.

"Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear."—Lab Deposits.

"If music be the food of love, play on."—Selma Brandt.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."—Shelley Rouse.

"Placed on her chair of state she seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen trembled at her nod."

—Student Government President.

"Treat 'em Rough!"—Sweet Briar Laundry.

"In each cheek appeared a pretty dimple."—Dorothy Derby.

"As merry as the day is long."—Trot Walker.

SENIOR CLASS BOOK SHELF

"The Danger Trail"	The Path to the Office
"The Inner Shrine"	The Office
"The House of Silence"	Senior Study
"The Lords of High Decision"	The Faculty
"It Never Can Happen Again"	Class of 1920
"Together"	"Tim" and Maynette
"Flames"	Peg Turner
"The Long Shadow"	Helen Beeson
"One Wonderful Night"	June 1, 1920

Soph: "Did you see the movie called 'Vanity Fair'?"

Senior: "Yes; gosh, it would make some book!"

"To-morrow, gentlemen," said a professor in a lecture on taking notes, "I will bring in my cards and show you my card system."

Voice from the rear: "O. K., doc. Fetch some chips and we'll have a regular party!"

—*Ex.*

THE CHEMIST IN LOVE

I am a group of atoms, dear,
Which isn't near complete,
I'm so unstable that I fear
In love I'll meet defeat.
So great is the affinity
Between us, I confess
I simply can't contain myself
And almost effervesce.
Your eyes are carbon crystals, love,
That scintillate and see,
If they should ever deliquesce,
I'd most unhappy be.
If you were hydrogen, my dear,
Then sulphur would I be,
And Cupid were the catalyst,
The compound would be we.
Whoever then dared cross our path
Would meet an awful fate,
He wouldn't even dare resist,
But would precipitate.
—H. A. Heise, *Hexagon*, Alpha Chi Sigma.

“Whiskers”

(Dedicated to those who wear them)

F. E., '21

At the rosy dawn of a bright new day,
Which brought to our heroine fresh dismay,
From her downy couch she arose and swore,
And dashed with speed to the dining-room door,
Where the mighty grumble, rumble, and roar
Told that the battle was on once more—
And her “whiskers” at home in the bureau drawer.

And oh, those small thin whisps of hair,
All that the owner's entitled to wear,
Disclosing to view in the morning light
Her barren ears—a sorry sight.
They blushed, as well they might indeed.
Showing full well their urgent need.
As soon as she had acquired some feed,
Back to her room she flew with speed,
And safe in her room her heart was gay,—
For the “whiskers” were not far away.

Hurrah, hurrah for our brave girl,
And give a cheer for each false curl;
And when her head is held on high
Under Virginia's azure sky,
In Sweet Briar's glorious Hall of Fame,
Let there be 'graved the girl's full name,
Be it said in letters bold and brave:
“These are the hairs that were wont to save
Our maiden's ears from the sunlight's glare,
And from society's stony stare.”

“Watch Us Slide”

(Dedicated to those of the Grand High Order of Ice-Cream
Sliders who get twenty to a spoon)

With apologies to Robert W. Service

It's easy to eat choc'late ice-cream sweet,
And it makes you excited, by gory,
To see the view right next to you
The night ice-cream's the story!
You wonder where, in earth or air,
They learned such manners immortal,
With spoon and lip they lick and sip,
While we sit and fairly chortle:
Slide on! Slide on!
Spoon piled on top and below,
You glare, while we stare and shriek with glee,
You lick and click but you never do see.
Slide on! Slide on!
Twenty slides from top and below.
So freeze your teeth, all ye who slide,
And give your tongue a nice sleigh ride.
Slide on! Slide on!

E. M. D.

How I Became Socially Something at Sweet Briar

(In Six Parts)

G. IMA KNUTT

I came to college determined to put into practice all the advice that had been given me by former successful students and the Freshman Bible handed out by the Y. W., in order to make myself socially something at Sweet Briar.

I was credibly informed that if I were more than studious for the first six weeks, I would make not only a huge hit with my instructors but a reputation that I could live on forever.

At first, therefore, my major sport was keeping the old path from my room to the bookshop free from weeds. When I returned to my boudoir, I would dig into the old book. Consequently the girls on my hall got a whiff of my studious attitude, and my favorite Sunday afternoon pastime was writing other people's expository themes and horsebacking with Livy.

I discovered much to my disgust that my gray matter was more socially something than my personality, so I thought it advisable to search for playmates. At first I made myself agreeable to whatever material presented itself, but I was soon in a position to pick and choose.

Just as I was beginning to feel my importance in "the gang," wouldn't you know that I would step off beautifully by committing a "gymnal error"? For some time I had realized that it was a good plan to be clubby with my classmates, but absolutely *necessary* to have an upper-classman

on a social pedestal at whom I might sit and gaze. I had my eye on a certain superior being and I thought the time was ripe to break the ice.

One Wednesday night the favorite girl was dancing in the gym with the president of the Sophomore Class. With typical Freshman boldness, I broke in on her. How well I remember that night! I cast a casual glance at the Sophomore and her symmetrical face was flushed with outraged Sophomore pride. I do believe that it was the first time the Sophomore Class realized I was among those present. I found I had made a *faux pas*. I was some kind of hacked. I reached down for "my little apron white and fair" to cover my blushing face but 'twas too late—three o'clock had come and my apron had gone.

Well, I had to change my favorite girl and rebait my hook. I lay awake nights planning ways and means for new conquests, and I hit on a splendid scheme.

(To be continued in our next)

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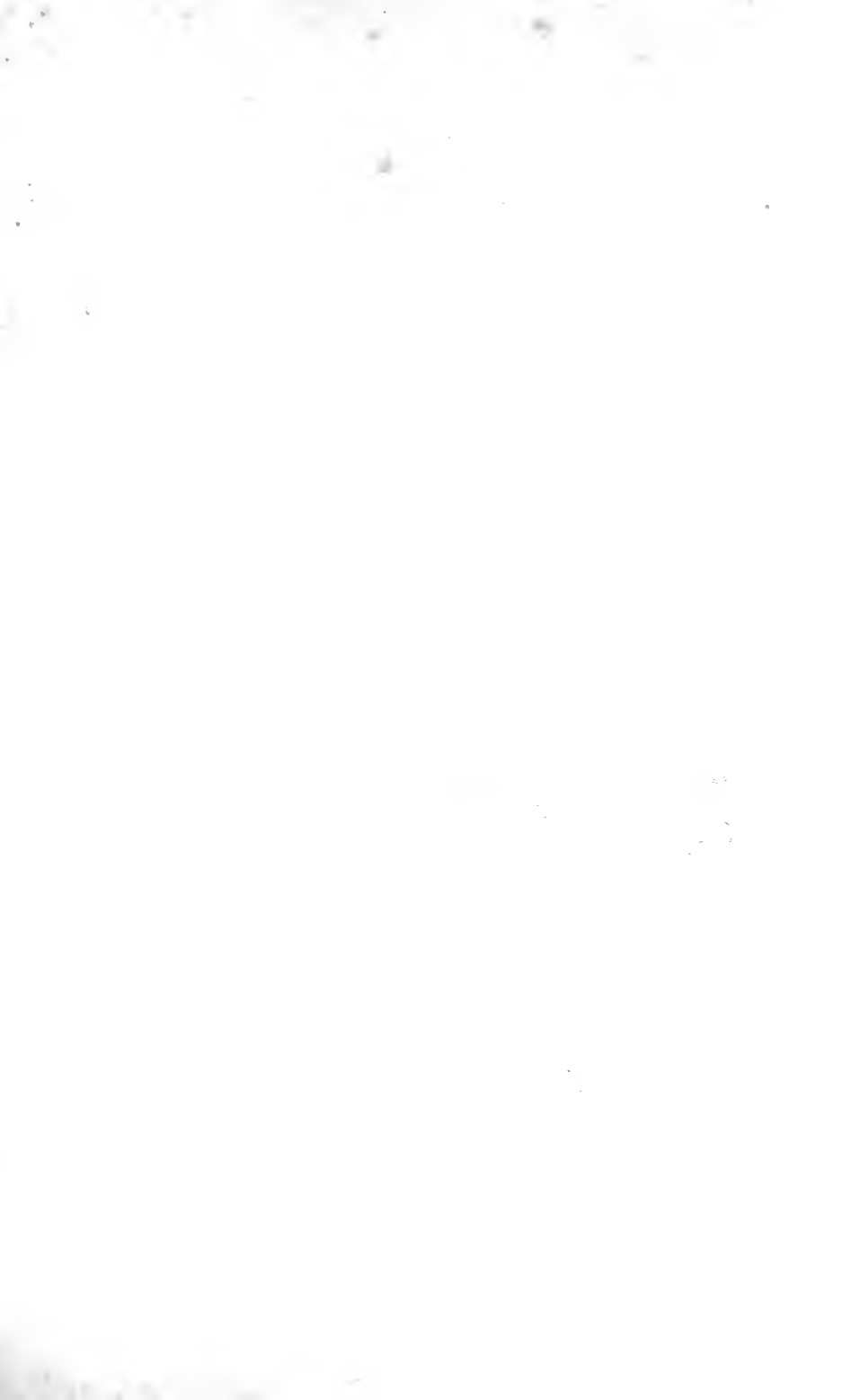
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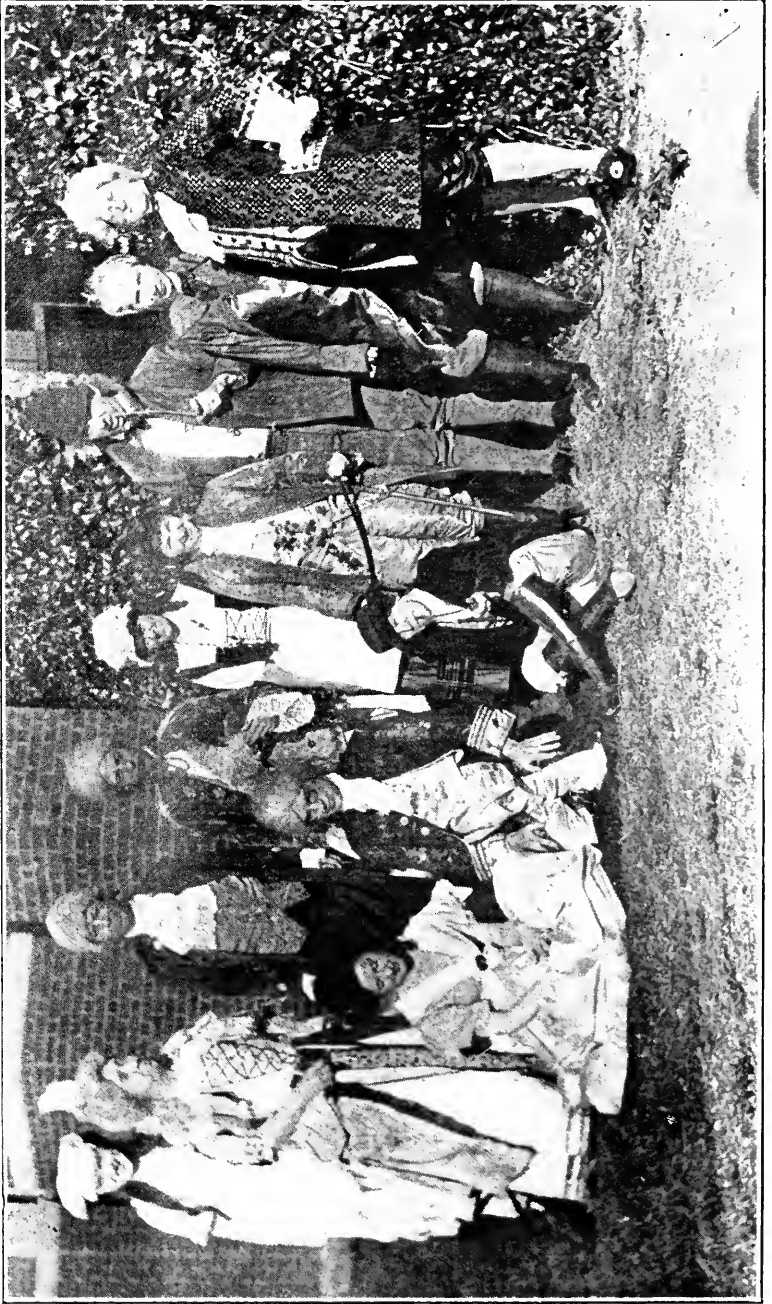
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FACULTY PLAY

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THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published six times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that in return, the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

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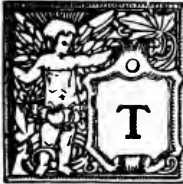
MR. McCULLOCH, MISS McLAWS, DR. BRADLEY, MISS LONG

Comrades

The wind is whistling over my frozen grave:
The flowers,
Fading beside the strait wood cross, are stark.
How misty, tremulous, grey
Are all things here, where . . .
I don't know where . . .
But I am lost!
Oh, tell me where are YOU?
I looked and looked for you when first I came,
I looked and looked. . . .
Death is so strange to me, you may be near
And I not see you:
Call to me!
Death is so new, I am not sure I live.
Can it be true Eternity's begun?
Oh, did you wait?
Reach me your wounded hands, as in the battle
When you were taken from me!
So, together,
Now we can face Infinity, you and I.

“Life, Love, and——”

S. W.



HE man raised his hat to the slender blond girl who turned in towards one of those somber greystone houses just off Fifth Avenue. She almost ran up the walk in a manner quite at variance with the chic propriety of her appearance.

But the man did not see this, for he had walked on down the Avenue and crossed into the Park without glancing back.

He was tall and blond, with the distant blue eyes of a man who dreams dreams, and the firm mouth and chin of a man who does deeds. With the expression he now wore, he might well have stood for a portrait of Determination personified. His clothes, from his vizored officers' hat to his sturdy army boots, were not incongruous with the characterization.

As he strode on through the Park, his courage seemed to wane, and his shoulders sagged slightly. He paused in the act of crossing a tiny stone bridge which lay in his path and looked over at the busy stream gurgling below, murmuring between clinched teeth, “Don't be a coward, Phil Conway—not a coward.” He seemed to plead with himself, “You offered your life to your country. It didn't take your life, but it did take what it wanted. You think you love Cecilie Nason; if you really loved her, you would give her up. You know better than any one else how fine she is. She might even marry you out of pity and live to repent it ever after.” His scorn was consummate, yet the realization that this thing had come to him was not so thorough but that he looked to the empty sleeve of his army coat and the medal

on his breast for confirmation. "O God," he prayed, "give me courage." And he looked a long time into the stream below until some measure of calmness returned. Then, straightening his shoulders, he resumed his walk.

.

"You know," said Tommy Wayland, raising his rather insipid little face from a novel he had been pretending to read, "I think Cecilie Nason is in love with old Con. What say?" He looked around, a triumphant expression making his pale blue eyes and round pink face more ridiculously cherubic than ever.

The young gentlemen, seated in the smoking room of the Rockaway Club, looked up, some in surprise, and others in undisguised disgust.

"Really, my boy," said Hemingway Jones, in his most patronizing manner, "we don't discuss those things here, you know."

"Oh, no offense, old man," cried Tommy, visibly distressed. "Really a wonderful woman, but I was just thinking old Con is such a fool about his deafness, and all, he might think he couldn't let her care!"

"I don't think, Mr. Wayland, that it is really up to us to——" began Hemingway, in an icy tone. He was interrupted by the calm, authoritative voice of Tom Greyson.

"I don't know as it is very untimely of Tommie to speak of this affair. I have been thinking about it for some time, and, since every one here is an intimate friend of Phil's, we may as well speak of it. Phil's morale has been pretty low. I rather thought that there must be a girl in the case; now I know it. And I think it's up to us to do something about it. In my estimation, Phil Conway, without his hearing and his left arm, is worth about ten of any other man with all his members and faculties."

"Of course, Tom," agreed Hemingway frankly; "but our discussing it can't help Phil any, and it would be very distasteful to him. We can't do anything. I wish to heaven we could!"

"There are powers," said Greyson, rising from his chair and crossing the room to rest his elbow on the great mantle and gaze into the fire. "There are powers that might restore Phil's hearing."

"Of course, my dear Greyson," answered his companion, "but they are not powers which either you or I control or command."

"There are powers," insisted Greyson firmly, "powers which we command that can——"

"If you mean Taliska, Greyson, you are wrong. You have been doped into believing that woman." He spoke as a man who states a time-worn fact. "I know she is——"

"Be careful, Redfield," said Greyson calmly, but with a tinge of menace in his tone. "You, I know, have never believed in her; so, of course, you never could understand. We were probably wrong to admit you to our circle, but I thought perhaps you could some day be big enough to understand."

Redfield laughed and shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, "I'm sorry, old man; the subject ought to be a forbidden one for us. I think we both understand each other well enough. You know if that woman could do anything to bring back the man Phil Conway was, I should believe anything she commanded me, if it lead to my irrevocable destruction."

"It's no more than fair to make a test," some one suggested. "Let's go to-night and ask Taliska's aid, perhaps——"

Just then the figure of a tall officer appeared in the doorway. Conversation ceased. The tall officer smiled ironically as they rose to meet him. "Ah, boys," he said in that queer,

strained voice of the deaf, "if you only knew how much more readily I hear silence than words. You have been discussing me again."

"We're going to take you to Taliska," said Tom, speaking very loudly and enunciating very clearly.

"The mystic you told me of?" asked the soldier. "Really that's kind, but I would probably be a drag on the party."

Tom laughed and shook his head. "You must go," he said carefully, "the party is for you."

"Oh, I see," said Phil, "you think this woman can restore my hearing."

Tom nodded.

"I wish I thought so," said Phil a little sadly, "but I shall be glad to go and see such a wonderful creature."

He sat down before the fire. His friends turned to the discussion of some current affairs and he was left to his own thoughts. He knew it was ridiculous to believe this woman could cure him; the greatest doctors of the world had failed. As he was tempted to dream of what might be, he soon forgot his trouble in the joy of the pictures his imagination made:

They stood before the doors of a great, dingy, grey brick house, some eagerly hopeful, some frankly skeptical, and Phil Conway amused and tolerant.

The large oak door opened in response to their ring. A man, large and bronzed, and singularly beautiful in a certain animal way, appeared in the square of amber light. He was garbed in some queer Oriental costume which only enhanced his lithe gracefulness. He bowed low before Greyson, whom he apparently recognized, and taking his card sped down the dark hall, while his shadow moved grotesquely along the wall by his side.

He was gone for some time and the gentlemen were not loathe to accept the opportunity to view their surroundings.

The walls were of black oak from floor to ceiling; in the panels, carved at regular intervals, were strange, fantastic paintings, the colorings were brilliant and yet daringly beautiful, and suggestive of the unreal, the whimsical which they portrayed. The amber light from the great inverted chandelier seemed to cast some modification over the wild, untamed passion of the scene, yet the atmosphere seemed surcharged with great emotions. The men all looked at one another wondering if every one felt the power of it, the—there was something undefinable there that appalled them. They were glad when they saw the servant returning.

He led them down the hall, up a few steps into a room. What a room it was! Those who had not seen it before stood aghast. It was not large, but the scarcity of its furniture made it seem so. It was round and the curving walls were hung from floor to ceiling with the softest drapery of what seemed a brilliant blue although the crimson light in the room made it indeterminable.

On a slightly raised platform in the center of the room was a great couch over which was thrown a robe of wondrous blue cloth and soft warm fur. A life-like peacock proudly raised its head and spread its splendid tail from behind the couch. Incense of a deadening sweetness breathed from images on tiny carved stands about the room.

It was all so strange, so laden with mysticism—and yet there on the couch reposed a woman; no, hardly a woman, merely a girl, her white, flowing robes seemed to float about her slender figure and impart to it something of the ethereal, her golden hair hung glistening strangely in the amber light, her skin gleamed pink and white. She reminded one of eternal youth.

“Oh,” she said in a soft voice, “so, Mr. Greyson, it is you again? May I serve you, monsieur?”

Greyson bowed as he kissed the extended hand. "Yes, Taliska, I have come to you as I always must when in distress. First, I beg permission to present my friends."

"Vos amis sont mes amis, mon cher camarade," cried the silvery voice, and she held out the little white hand for each of them to kiss, while Greyson spoke their names.

"If we must have business, let us smoke first," and the young eyes laughed. "It is always business. N'est-cepas?" She held out her jeweled case to them.

Phil, who had watched her carefully and read the words from her lips, clutched Greyson's sleeve. "Don't bother her, Tom," he whispered, "it's——"

"Bother," cried the girl, who had heard miraculously, "bother. It does not bother, mon petit.

"Monsieur, tell me your business," she commanded, turning to Greyson.

"It is this, Taliska. My Phil here has gone overseas to serve his country in the great struggle. He has come back without his hearing; we have come to ask you to restore it."

The innocent blue eyes turned to Phil, who smiled a bit consciously. "You think I can not do it, monsieur?" she asked. Phil, reading her lips quite easily, smiled, but did not deny her words.

"I can," she said quietly.

Phil Conway, looking at her, saw the youth and innocence suddenly disappear, and in its place came age-old wisdom, the wisdom of a thousand years, a grim command, a power. Their two wills met and the doubt in his fell before this stronger force as a slender bark before a great tempest. He bowed again, but not a bow of courtesy, only meek submission. And as he bowed he heard—not saw—but heard her calm, "I can."

His whole body stiffened, he stood electrified. "I heard," he cried, every fiber of his being seemed tense with eagerness. "I heard," he repeated.

"Yes," she smiled, "you heard."

"Can you make me always hear like that?" he asked huskily. The light of a new hope was in his eyes.

She shook her head, "Not like that," she said a little sadly, "but I will help you." She rose from her couch and placed her hands on his shoulders as he stood before her. "You heard, not because you have the power of hearing, but because I have the power of speaking to your inner brain. I can not restore your power of hearing actual sound, but I can teach you so that when any one speaks within your sight you can penetrate their minds and catch the thought as it passes from brain to expression—so you can know expressed thoughts."

She came down from the platform. "Come with me," and drawing aside the blue curtain she motioned him to follow her through a tiny door into a room beyond from whence came the sound of chanting in a soft, foreign voice.

An hour later Phil emerged. In his eyes was the light of triumph and a new hope, and, with a new spring in his step, he led the little party from the house.

He entered the crowded Cascades at the Biltmore and sat down to watch the people and to wait until the slow hands of the clock should reach the hour of his appointment to drive with Cecilie Nason. Busy with his thoughts he did not see her come in, but presently his roving gaze spied her sitting at a table in a distant corner. He wanted to rush over and tell her of his wonderful experience, but he noticed that a stranger sat opposite her, and contented himself with only watching her.

Suddenly he realized he could hear her speak even at this great distance.

"I would not have come," she was saying, "but that I feared you would trouble mother with your ridiculous black-

mail. It must end or I shall give the matter over to the police." Her face was very white, and, though she spoke determined words, she looked utterly terrified at the man facing her.

He smiled grimly, "Don't be a fool, Cecilie, you know you can do nothing of the kind without ruining your father's reputation and breaking your mother's heart. I have decided, Cecilie, that I will marry you. I think your mother will be willing when she understands."

"No," gasped Cecilie, anguish transfixing her features; "oh, no, not that."

The man laughed, "Yes, that," he said; "you will have nothing to fear when you are my wife, and you can find no other happiness."

The girl looked helpless, then, finding strength in her hatred, she raised her white face and said, "I will not do that—never, never, never."

He drew something from an inner pocket and held it toward her; she put her hand out and then drew back without touching it. Her whole figure seemed to droop in submission.

"You had better eat something, my dear," said the man, a touch of pity momentarily overcoming him. The girl shook her head. "Will you take me home?" she gasped.

The man called the waiter, paid his bill, and, helping her into her coat, lead her out in a proprietary manner that made Phil's blood boil.

Cecilie Nason was in trouble, and there he sat doing nothing; he was benumbed by the horror of it. He must do something, yet he could not rise, try as he would. She was suffering; this beast was threatening her happiness. He must save her, yet he did not move. He could not move.

Suddenly he felt very hot all over and woke with a start drawing himself away from the fire, he jumped from the chair, and whirled to face Tom Greyson.

"If you're through your nap, we had better be going."

So he had dreamed it all. He was still deaf, still useless. He remembered what the great doctor had written him, that with his deafness would come increased imaginative powers which might cause realistic dreams. He laughed harshly. Then Cecilie was not in trouble? He could hardly believe it, the feeling was still so strong within him. "I'm not going; sorry," he said to Greyson.

Greyson tried to argue with him, but he only shook his head. Taking a book from the table he settled down to read, but he could not follow the story. He kept seeing her face, so distressed, so horrified, and so hopeless. He threw the book aside and walked about trying to dispel the depression which hung over him.

He stopped by a window and looked out into the rainy night, perhaps this dream had been a call from her, perhaps she really was in trouble and needed him. He could not rid himself of the thought.

Ringling a bell, he asked for his hat and coat. It would do no harm to see her at least, he could reassure himself of her safety. Drawing his hat far down over his eyes and turning up his collar, he stepped forth into the foggy evening. The doorman called a taxi and Phil got in and whirled and skidded to his destination.

He rang the bell of the grey stone house. A beneficent butler opened the door and smiled in a friendly manner at the eager young officer.

"Miss Cecilie in, Watson."

Watson nodded his white head. "But she doesn't care to see any one," he said a little sadly.

"Isn't Miss Cecilie well, Watson?"

Watson looked doubtful, and then said furtively with a glance behind him, "She's weeping, sir."

So it was just as he had thought, she was in trouble, alone with no one to help her.

"She's in the library, sir," volunteered Watson.

Phil brushed by him. The library was lit only by the glow of the birch fire in the open fireplace. Phil at first could not see Cecilie, but a stifled sob from a big chair attracted his attention toward the little heap which lay curled up in its depths.

"Cecilie," he cried. The sobs stopped, a tousled head appeared from the heap. And Cecilie vainly tried to dry her eyes, smile, and disentangle herself at the same time.

"Why, Phil!" she gasped.

"Cecilie, you are in trouble; won't you tell me about it and let me help you?"

"It's really nothing, Phil," said Cecilie. Her voice was rather shaky, and her manner nervous.

"Please, Cecilie, it is something." The girl shook her head.

Phil crossed and stood beside her. "Cecilie," he said, "I love you. I haven't told you before because I couldn't tell you in the way a man should, or ask anything from you in return. I didn't want to bother you. I ask for nothing but the right to help you when you need help, and to make your life easier. You must tell me——"

He was interrupted by a slender hand which slid over his mouth. Cecilie stood before him, her eyes looked up into his.

"There isn't any trouble, now. I thought you didn't care." And when he looked into her eyes Phil knew that hearing was not always necessary for comprehension. But he shook his head.

"You mustn't, dear; I can't let you. I'm not good enough for you."

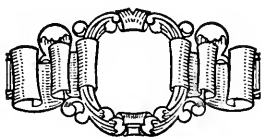
Although Phil had never considered Cecilie a wilful girl, he found she was wilful and quite accustomed to her own way. When she put her arms around his neck, he knew that his was not to be a lot of hardship; and he blessed fervently, as he bent to kiss her, the Goddess of Dreams.

Because I Laugh

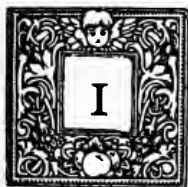
H. T., '23

Because I laugh, they think that I
Am just skin-deep, and never try
To be the things that I should be—
All love and life and loyalty.

Because I laugh, I know that I .
Am hurt sometimes. And I do try
To be the things that I should be—
All love and life and loyalty.



Day-Dreams



IN the rush and stir of the hurried life of to-day there is very little time for day-dreams. There are so very many things that must be done, and there is a time limit on doing them. How different was the past! No one hurried because no one else did. Methods of transportation were slow. The stage coach with its restless horses did not possess the speed of our modern railways, but how propitious the time of travel must have been for the day-dreamer! The picturesque landscape, the adventures of the road, and the nightly stops at a roadside tavern furnished material for many a day-dream woven of that fabric so delicate—the imagination.

Although the character of our life to-day rather restricts or prohibits day-dreaming, there are some brave souls who still persist in the pernicious habit which, once acquired, can never be shaken off. But who would shake off the gift of being able to transport oneself into a magical world of happiness with all life's vexations forgotten? Day-dreamers often suffer ridicule, however, from those who do not understand, and frequently the remark, "Oh, he's just a day-dreamer," is heard spoken in a scathing manner. This ridicule is, perhaps, justified when the product of the day-dreams is nothing but pleasure to him who dreams. It is an unwritten law of this world that every one must justify his creation. So, we hear the term "Castles in Spain" applied to any undertaking which is impossible and to any dream which can not be "brought to earth."

There are other day-dreams, however, that can be applied to the bustling activities of our life that will perhaps benefit

even those scoffers of day-dreams. Was Columbus's dream of an unknown continent more than a day-dream? We can picture him in the court of Isabella vainly trying to convince the courtiers of the verity of his hopes. The comfort it must have been to him when Isabella of Spain believed in his day-dreams! Newton, Franklin, and Marconi all were day-dreamers, and, as we look down the rank and file of the great men of the ages, we find few to whom this title can not be applied. They dreamed, yes, but they brought the products of their dreams to the sons of men in the shape of utilities. Edison of to-day, in the possession of so few of his faculties, still is able to dream, and what a lot that fact means to the world! With this testimony before us, most of the comforts and necessities of our modern life, all the result of day-dreaming, can we not grant the day-dreamer his due? What will become of the world when no longer do "your young men see visions, and your old men dream dreams"?



**“If You Can Dream and Not Make Dreams
Your Master”**

H. T., '23

“If you can dream and not make dreams your master”—

The lines have wandered through my mind all day;
And Heaven knows I try but can not conquer
The fantasies divine that hold full sway.

When I have lived and learned and loved and sorrowed,
And overcome all hate and vanquished fear,
Then I shall dream and not make dreams my master,
And dreaming thus shall find it doubly dear.

A Story from My War Experience



DURING the year 1915 of the World-War, I was in the southern part of Serbia in the city of Usküb, which is the second largest city of Serbia, and which was, five hundred years ago, the capital of the Serbian Empire. This city is very old and very historical. Many strangers go there to see many interesting things besides the very small old Turkish houses, which were built by the Turks when they ruled the land.

I was in the hospital of this city. Among the wounded men was a young artist. His life is very tragic and I could talk to you about it for hours. He was in the hospital two years and in this time was operated upon twelve times. In the first operation his foot was amputated, and so on, until his whole leg had the same fate. He was in the English mission when I was there and liked best for me to attend to his bandages, for he thought I was very careful, and, furthermore, I could understand what he wished and liked, whereas the English could not understand him.

Two days after the twelfth operation, it was a wonderful spring day. After lunch all the doctors and assistants, with the exception of one doctor and myself, went for a walk to the mountains. I sat at the window and looked at the surroundings, which were indescribably beautiful. Suddenly I was startled by a voice, "Sister, help me, the bed is full of blood!" I jumped up and pulled up the covers and saw all the running blood. In an instant I went down to the doctor's office, but he was not there. He was in another hospital, and I knew if I spent much time hunting for him I should be too late to save the young boy's life. I returned to the room and

removed the bandage and tried to stop the flow of blood, and in due time I succeeded. I was happy that I, without help, could succeed in saving the life of so young a man, of one who wished life so much, and was so full of ideals for the future. I sat beside him and talked to him, consoling him with the fact that it was not so dangerous. After a little I gave him morphine so that he might rest and sleep, for if he turned the blood would again begin to flow.

On account of my father's illness, I was obliged to leave the hospital and go with the family to a watering place. When I left, the young artist cried for a long time, for he thought nobody would be so enthusiastic over his recovery as I.

Six months after my departure, this wound had healed, and to-day the young man is in France, where he continues his study of art. He writes me very often, and is more than thankful for what I did for him.

Endeavor to be generous, be charitable, and then you will feel what a satisfaction it is to save some one from horrible death.

YELENA GRZITCH.*

[*EDITOR'S NOTE.—At the beginning of the war, Yelena Grzitch and her family were driven from their home in Belgrad by the approach of the German army.

Yelena, who is a student at Sweet Briar this year, could not speak any English before coming to America.]

Perfection

SHELLEY ROUSE, '21

If I had any choice at all,
If I had any say,
I would be very different
From what I am to-day,

Because:

I want Libby's gracious manner,
I want Buffy Taylor's charm,
I would ride a horse like Russe,
I want Fanny's tennis arm,
I want Rhoda's splendid profile,
I want Siddy Franklin's nose,
I want eyes like Ida Massie's,
Fran's complexion like a rose,
I want dignity like Johnston's,
And to have real pep like Trot,
I want hair like Stanley Miller's—
Her's is copper, mine is not.
I want eyelashes like Newkirk's,
I want old Mad Shidler's smile,
I want teeth like 'Tilla Schurman's,
I want Helen Beeson's style.
I would sing like M. McNally,
I would play like Selma Brandt,
I would dance like Emma Adams,—
Isn't it too bad I can't?
I want Willy Wilson's dimples,
I would draw like Frances Raiff,
I would high jump just like Amey,
I'd wear black and white like Shafe.

I'd play bridge like Laura Thompson
Who is at it by the hour,
I would make good fudge like Barret,
I want Fiske's costuming power.
I want humor like Kate Cordes',
I want Lett Shoop's pretty feet,
I would be like Edith Durrell,
Who is very, very neat.
I want freckles like M. Kemper,
I want Maynette's pleasant voice,
And lovely hands like Brosius,
If I just could have a choice.
I would swat a ball like Burdy,
I would guard like McLemore,
I would shoot a goal like Ellen,—
My own aim is very poor.
I want E. Cole's concentration,
And ability like Tay,
I would manage plays like Katy
In a most efficient way.

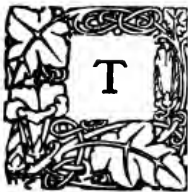
And:

If I had all these other things,
With Mattie Hammond's curl,
I really think that I would be
A *most* attractive girl!

Wild Simply Wild Over Spirits

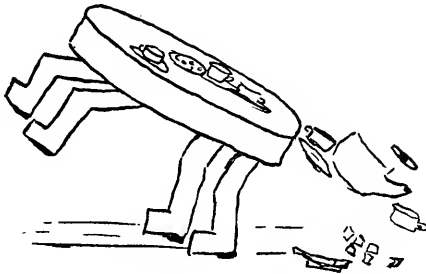


"SEE - AUNTS"



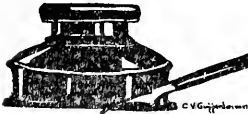
THE great English scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, has at last arrived in America, where his lectures are causing much excitement. It seems that our government should not permit him thus to spread his doctrine of spiritualism, since the public has been forbidden to deal with spirits in any form—not to mention shape. But here he is, and the result has been that in many communities the séance—vulgarly termed “see-aunts”—has for the first time made its appearance, and has rapidly increased in popularity where it was already known. Now, when friends meet, instead of asking, “Have you used Pear’s soap?” the question is, “Have you rapped your table?” Indeed, the discussion of the inhabitants of the outer realms has become so general that one little girl was found vigorously shaking a bottle. When asked what she was doing, she pointed to the label, which read, “Spirits of Ammonia,” and

replied, "I'se tryin' to make the spirits talk!" The country is going wild, too wild, over the subject of spiritualism. Lest we become the victims of mental inebriation, let us make ready for another Prohibition campaign.



THIS NEXT ?

EDITORIALS



Girls, make the MAGAZINE what you want it to be—a live wire in the life of the college—by contributing to it. We know it bores you to read a MAGAZINE composed entirely of the articles of the hard-working editors just as much as it bores the hard-working editors to find that they have to write those articles at the last minute, as it were. However, we have a contract to fill. Somebody has to write something. Which shall it be—you or the staff? Do you prefer a peepless periodical struggling for its very existence, or a sparkling literary production, fairly scintillating with wit and humor, in which every girl at Sweet Briar takes a working interest? We know you think clever things. We hear you say them every once in a while, so why not write them down and give the world at large—we assure you that the MAGAZINE has a wide circulation—the benefit of your gifted pens? Remember, your Alma Mater is judged by its student publications. What position shall Sweet Briar hold among other great centers of learning? Do you want your college to be considered an Institute for Sad Birds or an Intellectual Playground for Peaches?

It rests with you, more or less, so be reasonable. When the weary editor knocks on your door, *don't* get under the bed and take everything you've ever written along with you; *don't* register that vacant smile and say, "Write! Why, my

deah, it's all I can do to write my own name," because we know you write. Your English professor has already told on you.

We realize that because of exams and owing to the fact that every one has been working tooth and nail for the Annual, this month's MAGAZINE is particularly devoid of literary material, but how about resurrecting some of that famous Sweet Briar pep and helping to make of the next number a *real* MAGAZINE?

International Relations Club

During recent years, while the whole world has been in such a constant state of turmoil and strife, we have felt the need here at Sweet Briar of an opportunity to come together and discuss the pressing problems of international interest.

On February 18, 1920, under the leadership of Dr. Ivan E. McDougle of the Sweet Briar faculty, an International Relations Club of forty-four members was officially launched. This organization is a chapter of the International Relations Club movement (formerly International Polity Clubs) in prominent American colleges. It is made possible by the cooperation and material aid extended through the courtesy of the Carnegie Peace Foundation.

The club has two chief objects. It aims, first of all, to provide for an intensive study of international problems for those who are interested. Meetings are held once a week at which at least two papers are presented by members followed by a general discussion. The club possesses a special library of its own with a comparatively large number of works to provide material for study. Any book not in the library, but necessary for any special reason, will be provided upon application to the faculty adviser. In the second place, the club has arranged for prominent speakers at frequent intervals, who will address the members and all others interested in various phases of the world problems of to-day.

Since the club will naturally not appeal to every member of the student body, an opportunity has now been provided for every Sweet Briar girl to secure at least a suggestion of the international relations of to-day. Of course, the college as a whole will benefit by the additional speakers who are to appear under the auspices of the club.

By vote of all students originally applying, active membership in the club will be open to Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors who have secured faculty approval. Each spring the club will draw up a list of nominees for the ensuing year from which the faculty will elect new members. This policy has been deemed advisable in order that the work of the club shall in no way interfere with academic standing.

Let us hope that the enthusiastic response which has been accorded this organization will continue. Thus may we merit the wisdom of those who have made our club possible financially, and who have extended to us a privilege accorded to very few of the women's colleges up to the present.

The following list of nominees has been drawn up for membership and passed upon by the faculty:

Josephine Ahara	Betty Murray
Helen Anderson	Maylen Newby
Helen Beeson	Elizabeth Newsom
Madelaine Bigger	Beulah Norris
Edith Bodley	Elmira Pennypacker
Catherine Cordes	Maynette Rozelle
Mary Virginia Crabbs	Shelley Rouse
Katherine Davis	Marion Shafer
Edith Durrell	Lee Schurman
Elizabeth Elkins	Frances Simpson
Fanny Ellsworth	Elizabeth Shoop
Phebe Evans	Amey Smyth
Isabel Godwin	Mary Taylor
Nancy Hanna	Sara Tolar
Helen Johnston	Miriam Thompson
Corinne Loney	Margaret Turner
Antoinette Malet	Dorothy Wallace
Ida Massie	Isabel Webb
Alice Miller	Marie Wiener
Marjorie Milligan	Florence Woelfel
Katherine Minor	Ellen Wolf
Halle Moore	

The Reports on the Des Moines Conference

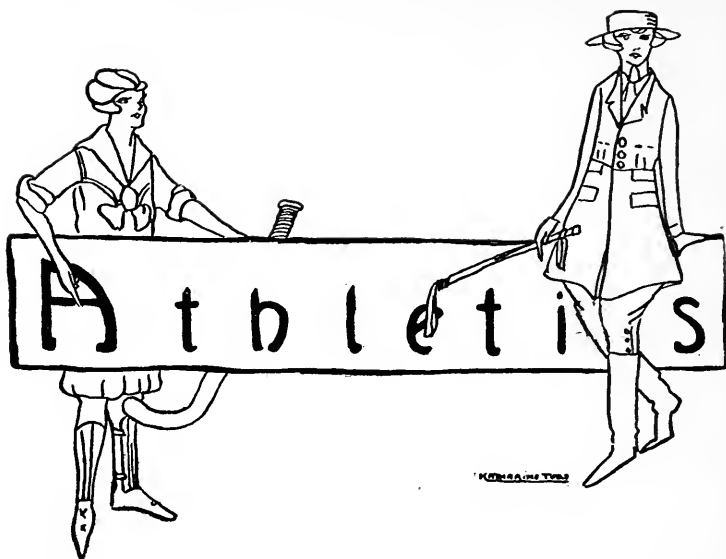
As every one was anxious to hear the particulars of the world-wide Student Conference at Des Moines, the "Y. W." meeting with reports from the several delegates about the convention was well attended.

After a short address by Miss McVea, the first delegate, Helen Johnston, arose and told of the conference as a whole. The description of the immense Coliseum where the meetings were held was especially interesting. The huge auditorium held the entire conference and even those people in the most distant corner could hear the words of the speaker, owing to the splendid acoustic arrangements. The seating of the many delegates was well arranged according to a system of distance, the students that came from the most distant locations having the front seats. According to this seating, the state of Virginia was placed in the gallery, an ideal location, for it must have been a wonderful sight to overlook thousands of young people of different nationalities meeting together for a common purpose. This purpose was well expressed in the motto of the whole conference printed on a huge banner stretched around the Coliseum: "The Christianization of the whole world in this generation."

With this thought as a keynote, Lillias Shepherd then told of the spiritual side of the meetings. The conference was essentially one of missions and the bringing together of the educated youth of the world to achieve universal contentment by the way of universal Christianity. It was shown that the choice of being a mission worker should be seriously considered by the college graduate, just as he considers other professions. The need is great and the chances to obtain

happiness by bringing happiness to others are untold. Miss Shepherd emphasized the fact that the talks by the famous lecturers were not of an emotional appeal, but were based on a reasonable appeal to the intellect.

The final report was given by Florence Ives. It concerned a unique experience she had enjoyed in being on the Des Moines "special" from New York. On that train most of the foreign students were traveling. It was just like a happy family, for every one was anxious to tell of his or her experiences and hopes and the constant question was, "And what are your plans?" How interesting it must have been to talk to people who came all the way from Cairo or the Philippine Island for the same purpose as that which took our Sweet Briar delegates to Des Moines! This gain in cosmopolitanism and spiritual awakening due to the conference was surely more than enough to recompense one for a few days' vacation missed at home. Such was the opinion of every one as the most enthusiastic "Y. W." meeting of the year ended.



The physical training department of Sweet Briar is very fortunate in having Miss Gascoigne back again as physical director, after her two years' service in the war zone as captain in the W. A. A. C. of England.

A systematic regularity has been shown in athletics this year by signing up for organized sports. Hockey teams were picked after two months of strenuous practice and are as follows:

<i>All-College</i>	<i>Senior-Soph.</i>	<i>Junior-Fresh.</i>
C. F.M. Rozelle	I. Massie	M. Rozelle
R. F.G. Barrett	G. Barrett	L. Purcell
L. F.E. Taylor	M. Munson	E. Taylor
R. W.N. Hanna	N. Hanna	H. Brush
L. W.F. Ellsworth	M. Murke	F. Ellsworth
R. HalfM. Long	M. Long	E. Durrell
L. HalfM. Shidler	M. Walker	M. Shidler
C. HalfB. Dickson	B. Dickson	L. Newkirk
R. Fb.M. Fohl	M. Fohl	M. Shafer
L. Fb.H. Taylor	G. Dally	H. Taylor
GoalM. Gehris	D. Wallace	M. Gehris

Substitutes	Substitutes	Substitutes
M. Shafer	G. Thompson	L. McGee
L. Newkirk	E. Plummer	M. Thompson
L. Purcell	M. Newby	C. Cordes
	H. Gatewood	M. Beegle

The Senior-Sophomore team was victorious in the first game of the season with a score of 4-2.

Outdoor and indoor basket-ball has received enthusiastic support this season. Interclass teams were picked at an early date so they have had a chance to get in some good practice together. The teamwork which has been shown at the interclass games is a result of the careful coaching and coöperation of the teams. They are as follows:

<i>Senior-Sophomore</i>		<i>Junior-Freshman</i>
N. Hanna.....	C.....	G. Brosius
B. Dickson	S. C.....	M. Shidler
A. Smyth.....	R. F.....	E. Wolf
M. Lee	L. F.....	M. McLemore
E. Elkins	R. G.....	F. Ellsworth
G. Barrett.....	L. G.....	M. Chantler

Substitutes for Senior-Sophomore—H. Anderson, D. Wallace.

Substitutes for Junior-Freshman—E. Taylor, R. Martin.

The scores for the three games of the indoor series, which have been played this season, are 30-8, 35-18, 28-26, giving the Junior-Freshman team the title to the indoor series.

MADOLON SHIDLER, '21.

Dramatics

THE FACULTY PLAY

“She Stoops to Conquer,” Goldsmith’s famous play, was admirably presented by the faculty of Sweet Briar College on Saturday, January the 17th.

Our own Miss Gascoigne, as Miss Harcastle, attractive, vivacious, well-suited to her part, won much applause. Indeed, the heart of the hero was not the only one caught in the brown meshes of her curling ringlets.

Dr. Bradley, as Young Marlowe, the hero of the play, was splendid, and deserves much praise for his acting. He played up to his part and made every moment interesting. Dr. McDougle, as the true friend, Hastings, deserves no less praise.

All hearts warmed to Miss Schutte in the guise of the spirited Tony Lumpkin. Always mischievous, always ready for fun or trouble, Tony added much life to the play.

Miss Young and Dr. McCulloch were equally fine as Mr. and Mrs. Harcastle. To each is owing a large part of the great success of the production.

But even with the commendable work of these leading characters the play could not have been such a praiseworthy success without the splendid aid of the rest of the cast. Each member did his best, and any one who knows our faculty will not doubt that to be the best possible.

The cast:

Miss Harcastle.....	Miss Gascoigne
Young Marlowe.....	Dr. Bradley
Mrs. Harcastle.....	Miss Young

Mr. Harcastle.....	Mr. McCulloch
Miss Neville.....	Miss Kennedy
Mr. Hastings.....	Dr. McDougale
Tony Lumpkin.....	Miss Schutte
Sir Charles Marlowe.....	Miss Morenus
Maid.....	Miss Henderson
	Miss Long
Jolly good fellows.....	Miss Langwell
	Mr. Nierman
	Dr. Harley



NEW MEMBERS

At the Athletics Minstrel Show on Saturday evening, December 13th, Katherine Taylor came before the curtain and announced that the following girls had been taken into Dramatics:

Merry Jester Chapter:

- Russe Blanks
- Ruth Fiske
- Curtis Henderson
- Kathryn Longwell
- Stanley Miller
- Sadie Morris
- Maylen Newby
- Louisa Newkirk
- Evelyn Plummer
- Shelley Rouse
- Virginia Stanberry
- Elizabeth Taylor
- Catherine Wilson

Rippler Chapter:

- Marion Adams
- Mary Allen
- Louise Brinkley
- Betty Cole
- Edith Durrell
- Bessie Hoge
- Rebecca Janney
- Mary Heath Jones
- Ruth Jones
- Ruth Martin
- Clare Robertson
- Lillias Shepherd
- Elizabeth Thigpen



V. M. I. PLAY

Any illiterate, misinformed damsel who conceived of V. M. I. as a place for drills and bugle calls alone, found out her mistake when the V. M. I. Dramatic Club plus the Cadet



Quiceman - "He hit me with a billy!"
 Jones - "I presume you meet a William?"



Cissy - "I need thee every hour"



Alma - "Te-he - Cant you guess
 why he's coming?"



Bishop - "I want to see my
 brother!"



Helma - "I aint see him come
 in - twenty dollar!"



Marjory - "And that is love!"

Orchestra arrived Saturday, January the 31st. From the moment the first blue uniform appeared in the Refectory to the moment when the last blue uniform disappeared from the campus, their visit was a success in every sense of the word.

The play was wonderfully well done, and not only the actors, but also the organization behind them deserves great credit for the splendid way it came off. "What Happened to Jones" has certainly given us something to live up to in the dramatic line, and has created an impression that will not soon be forgotten. The ever-fascinating, always-resourceful Jones caused many feminine hearts to flutter, not to mention the havoc Cissie and her charming cousins played with our susceptible professors.

The Cadet Orchestra added a great deal to the performance, and simply made the dances in the afternoon and evening; we can truthfully say that we have never heard such music and never hope to hear such again until the V. M. I. Orchestra returns.

The day the "keydets" came will long be remembered as a big day for Sweet Briar, and we all join in thanking them for their visit and hoping for a "return engagement."

The program was as follows:

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES

Presented by
V. M. I. Dramatic Club
At Sweet Briar College
January 31, 1920

CAST

Jones, who travels for a hymn-book company, J. L. Boatwright
Ebenezer Goodly, a professor of anatomy.....P. Goodman
Antony Goodly, D. D., Bishop of Ballarat.....W. B. Johnston

Richard Heatherly, engaged to Marjorie.....	W. H. Milton, Jr.	
Thomas Holder, a policeman.....	T. W. Smith	
Henry Fuller, Superintendent of Sanatarium.....	J. C. Jordan	
William Bigbee, inmate of Sanatarium.....	T. D. Shiels	
Mrs. Goodly, Ebenezer's wife.....	H. S. Roche, Jr.	
Cissy, Ebenezer's ward.....	J. Girand	
Marjorie }	Ebenezer's daughters.....	} H. P. Sloan
Minerva }		
Alvina Starlight, Mrs. Goodly's sister.....	J. C. Parrott	
Helma, Swedish servant.....	M. C. Jackson	

Music by Cadet Orchestra

Place—New York City.

Time—The present. Hour: 7:15 P. M.

Scene—Living-room in the home of Ebenezer Goodly.

Under direction of Mrs. G. A. Derbyshire

W. T. S. Roberts.....*Manager*

R. Hairston, Jr.....*Assistant Manager*

The following was clipped from *The Cadet*, the weekly issued by the Corps of Virginia Military Institute, February 7, 1920:

Saturday, January the thirty-first, ushered in a new era for the burnt-cork artists of the school. The Dramatic Club, after many attempts at climbing the ladder to success, gained the long-hoped-for recognition, and was allowed a furlough to present their efforts to other comrades in arms.

The entire club, lead by their most worthy coach, Mrs. Derbyshire, headed for the Hill City, and continued from there to Sweet Briar, Saturday afternoon. Upon arrival, the lucky ones were greeted by the most charming committee ever gathered together and were ushered into the "Mess Hall" for lunch. Many have been heard to state since that date that facing a firing squad would have been a pleasure compared to the first few moments in that arena, but due to the thought-

ful hostesses even the shyest among the visitors felt perfectly at ease; the vamps, as usual, were right at home, and "fell" at least a dozen times before they got out.

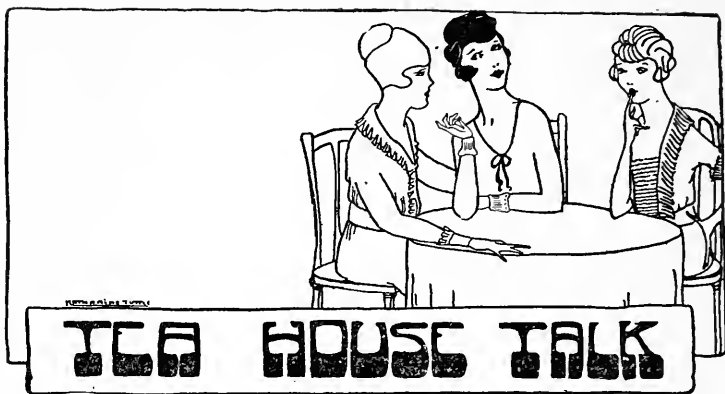
Saturday afternoon another very pleasant surprise awaited the Troubadours, a delightful dansant given in honor of the Cadets. The Cadet Orchestra furnished the music and it has been said that never before has there been such a peppy crowd gathered under that roof. To the Cadets came another trying experience, that of taking the rôle so experienced by the ladies of being "broken." Before many dances every man had the opinion that he was getting the biggest "rush" of the day, until he checked up with the rest afterward and found all had experienced the same wonderful time. All were escorted to dinner by young ladies, but the casting of self-consciousness was worn off, and all felt perfectly at home.

The performance started promptly at eight o'clock and it went through without a hitch. Every man in the cast lived up to the highest hopes. Very unfortunately some new members had to be added during the last week, but they carried their parts as if they had been in all the time. Compliments were very profuse and every one felt highly rewarded for their endeavors.

After the performance another dance was held in the gymnasium in honor of the Cadets, and a delightful repetition of the afternoon's experience was the result. All left at 11:00 with heavy hearts, having enjoyed the most delightful trip of their Cadetship, and with a determination to try and bring next year's attempt back to that cherished land.

The Dramatic Club takes this opportunity of expressing their thanks and appreciation to Mrs. Derbyshire for her untiring efforts in making such a trip possible, and to the young ladies of Sweet Briar who entertained so delightfully, and especially those connected with the *Briar Patch*, the college annual, who promoted the idea, and showed us the hospitality of our sister institution.

Those who were left behind to enjoy the pleasures of quarantine are able to truthfully state that Sweet Briar's far-famed reputation for hospitality is well deserved. If the wishes of the Cadets are fulfilled, next year will find a Dramatic Club composed of the entire Corps.



It is practically impossible for even Pathé (ding! ding!) to take up its comments on society where we left off, seeing as how Christmas vacation intervened. If we can believe all we hear, every one had a perfectly regardless time and all that sort of thing. Every one looked as though something had hit her, and no one was feeble-minded enough to express great joy at being back. Frat pins sparkled knowingly, also rings and pins, and the more unkind of us are waiting to see if it is true that the first thing that turns green in the spring time is Christmas jewelry. But it's all over now, so we might as well take up our weary load and proceed.

Sweet Briar, being a well-known winter resort, lived up to its reputation the first two weeks after Christmas. After we came to, it was time for mid-years, and of them we positively refuse to speak. No one would want us to speak on the subject, and, besides, we still wonder how we made the grade. One faculty member announced that since Sweet Briar had advanced in academic standing the instructors were marking the papers in a stricter fashion. From a sadder but wiser heart we remark in reply, "Queen, you spoke a mouthful."

"Every dog has his day" and "things will come if we only wait." Sweet Briar can't go anywhere, but V. M. I. certainly could and did come here. We can never forget the play or the dance, and some of us are still feeling postal effects of the affair. It is no small satisfaction to some of us to be able to attend a girls' break dance once in a while, and we certainly did make hay while the sun shone. We will always live to regret it if we don't have the V. M. I. Dramatic Club next year; we are sure that some class or endowment fund just *must* need them and their talent.



Pathé wishes to advise its friends that the library has lately been renamed the "Frat House," just in case you didn't know. Perhaps every one isn't just wild about being initiated, but, you know, "They all flop sooner or later," and you meet a fine crowd of people after you once get in. "The Chain Gang" are prominent members at the house and will be glad to introduce you around at any time. Miss Nan Strudwick is house mother and presides over the "brothers" in a very capable manner.



Miss Trot Walker, of 200 Gray, is without doubt the Edison of Sweet Briar. She is being congratulated upon a recent invention of a garage for her toothbrush in order to keep the ants from promenading along it.



Miss Beulah Norris has been wearing a very mournful expression lately. She regrets to inform us that something blew out of her window. What was it? Pathé will tell no tales out of school, ask Beulah.

Miss Anne Schutte and Miss Cara Gascoigne were hostesses to the Junior and Sophomore classes at Sweet Briar House. It is not often that we have the opportunity of leaving the dormitory atmosphere and spending the evening in a truly social manner. The music and refreshments were superior, and all we ask is to be invited back again.



Miss McVea gave her annual dinner to the Senior Class at Sweet Briar House on the evening of February 13th. The Seniors always have been a good-looking class, but on Friday evening they broke their own record. After the dinner toasts were given by Ruth Hulburd, Elmyra Pennypacker, Helen Johnston, Lee Schurman, Helen Beeson, and Nancy Hanna. The glowing accounts of this banquet are just one more reason why one should strive for a degree.



We are glad to welcome into the social whirl of the Briar all the new girls we have seen on the campus. If there is any matter of S. B. society that is a little puzzling, Pathé would be only too glad to have personal interviews and explain the complicated life we lead.



Many S. B. girls are becoming very familiar with the attractions of the campus since the recent quarantine. You never know what you can find till you look, and who knows what sort of a reckless time may be had running from the Frat House to the Boxwood Grill? And speaking of the grill, it isn't hard to tell the habitués when you meet them,

on account of the aroma that envelopes them. The smell of your coat is an index of your bank account these days.



At a recent meeting of the S. G. A. a note was read from the faculty advising us to go to bed at ten-thirty. Having no better jokes to tell, Pathé will close its pages for this edition.

Mid-Years

Some call it a vacation,
 Some say it's simply swell;
 But *my* idea of Mid-Years
 Is my idea of h——.

One sleeps right through one's breakfast,
 One has no class at nine;
 When cramming gives one nightmares,
 The sleep is simply fine.

Now comes a grind with goggles
 And says in sweetest tone:
 "If you'd apply yourself each day,
 You wouldn't have to bone."

Yes, some girls do eat grape-nuts,
 And some girls do eat fish—
But

For a brain that grasps a book a day—
 O Gawd! That is my wish.

Some call it a vacation,
 Some say it's simply swell;
 But my idea of Mid-Years
 Is my idea of h——!

—Anon.



The excitement of our *own* Endowment Fund Campaign, the thrill of our *own* Christmas holidays, the long anxiety of our *own* examinations have kept the best of us so occupied in our own little world that we have been all too prone to "forget the realms that lie around us," to fail to consider our comrades—in joy or sorrow, as the case may be—failed to say either what we think of them or what they think of us. Hence for the past few months the Exchange Departments of the various college magazines, those mirrors which reflect ourselves as well as our contemporaries, have been rather sickly in appearance, as if the Flu germ had bitten the departments as well as their honorable editors. Now that we hear so much of "the inspiring spirit of the New Year," we hope that this much-abused spirit may enter us all, and give to us a real sense of values. We hope that it may make us realize that our honest criticisms, no matter how paltry they may seem to us, may be of aid to our sister magazines, and that we, in turn, may reap great benefit from their censure as from their praise.



The deep impress left by war upon the souls of men is growing fainter; at least its outward expression is less marked. Its influence is still felt, however, as far as "the University" is concerned, in "The Miracle of Chantillon," a war story powerfully begun, but ending rather flatly, it

seems, and in the lengthy and highly dramatic "Fi Fi Marries." We are so thoroughly in sympathy with the young critic of "Walt Whitman, Author" that our judgment may perhaps seem biased, yet we doubt if the most enthusiastic admirer of "The Good Gray Poet" could deny that the points of the essay are well conceived and well sustained. *The University of Virginia Magazine* has some good poetic material of its own. The anonymous verse, "A Tale the Tides Tell," is full of yearning beauty, while "A Theorem" cloaks the thoughts of a philosopher in a well-modeled sonnet. Good work, University of Virginia! Keep it up!



Somehow the *Wells College Chronicle* brought to us a vague sense of disappointment. We always expect much of this magazine; we like to use it as a model for our own, but this time it deceived our expectations. There is no tangible fault; the content is exceedingly well balanced, the material well chosen; yet somehow *The Chronicle* seems to have fallen behind its own standard. "Lux Noctis," besides its native humor and charm, has an especial appeal for all those who have just gone through the frightful ordeal of examinations.

The title and general atmosphere of "The Sunken Garden" gave us a pleasant thrill of anticipation. "Here, at last," cried we, "is something different!" But, alas, fond hopes! It reeked of melodrama, and the happy ending came upon us so suddenly that we had to rub our eyes and look back to see if we had read aright. "Soporific Applications" was at least original. It was a humorous and quite unusual *jeune fille* story, with more than a hint of the satiric. The author of "New Year's Eve" unfortunately spoiled what might have been a lovely elfin skit by molding it into a fantastic acrostic, thus destroying both rhythm and sense. On the whole, we

would say that exposition is your most promising field. The Sketch Department is excellent; we wish we could have one like it. Keep it up, and in your next issue we hope to see stories and poems such as you used to have. A little more humorous matter, that would lighten the tone, would improve your magazine, we think.



We were surprised and pleased to see the interest in the classic poets which *The Winthrop Journal* seems to foster. It is rare in these days that students realize the importance of studying closely those authors who have been the inspiration, if not the source, of most of our greatest writers. The author of the "Vision of Enterpe" shows herself an ardent admirer and an appreciative reader of Horace. This sketch would have been excellent if it had been continued in the same spirit in which it was begun, but toward the end it grows biographical, and hence too prosaic for its idyllic beginning. "The Poet's Recantation" has much of Horace's own spirit, and seems a most commendable student's translation, yet even there rhythm and harmony are too often sacrificed to sense. The rest of the *Journal* is very good, especially the story, "The Water Cure," which, in spite of certain rather vulgar elements, is humorous, and maintains its dialect unusually well.



We would suggest that *St. Mary's Chimes* devote more space to student productions and less to church rulings and addresses by the faculty. There is some excellent material in your college, especially in the line of poetry, and it seems a shame to have it so greatly overshadowed by articles that are only of pedantic or ecclesiastical interest.

We have received many interesting exchanges since our last issue, and our only regret is that our limited space forbids us to devote some consideration to them all. Among those magazines at present on our shelf are *The Pharetra*, *The Richmond College Messenger*, *The Experimenter*, *The Coraddi*, *The Acorn*, *The University of Tennessee Magazine*, *The Wo-Co-Ala News*, *The Cadet*, *The Virginia Tech*, *The Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, *The Scrap Book*, *The Hollins Magazine*, *The Tattler*, and others.

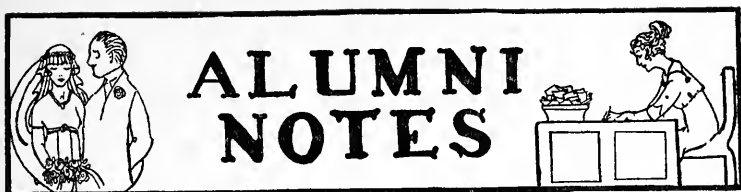
Heroine-Worship

S. O. S., '21

She comes to Spanish class
Wearing a red sweater,
With her collar pinned down
By a small service pin,
And two light combs
In her dark hair.
And she sits in front of me
And translates,
And writes sentences on the board
With verbs escaping her in all directions,
Just as mine do,—
But her sentences get an A, where mine get C.

She comes into English class
Wearing a brown sweater
That she made herself,
With a white tailored collar,
And a heavenly wave
In her dark hair.
And she sits in front of me
And goes to sleep,
And gets called on suddenly,
Just as I do,
And Mr. McCulloch slings questions at
both of us,—
But she can come back to earth and answer hers,
And I can't.

And she walks into Psych I
Wearing a blue sweater
With a little black bow
Fastened on by a platinum pin,
And her dark hair brushed back
To show her dear widow's peak,
And she is asked for an explanation
Of some elusive psychological law,
Just as I am,
But she can bluff through hers
And get a good mark,
And I cant.
And I ought to hate her, but I don't—
Far from it!



MARRIAGES AND ENGAGEMENTS

Ruth Watkins married Mr. William Taliaferro some months ago, and is now residing in Tampa.

Katherine Armstrong married Mr. John S. Lawrence, of Paris, Texas.

Leila Sawyer's engagement to Mr. George Myers has been announced.

Charlotte Lansing is engaged to Mr. Arthur Cobb Hardy.

BIRTHS

To Mrs. Hall Taile (Dorys McConnell), a son, David.

To Mrs. Carlos Lyon (Frances Kenney), a daughter.

To Mrs. Peter Robertson (Theda Studley), a son.

STUDENTS AT OTHER COLLEGES

St. Mary's College: Louise Childress.

Wittenberg College, Ohio: Marianne Hower.

Wisconsin University: Katherine Kemp is a Theta; Hildegard Young, a Delta Gamma.

New York University: Eleanor Smith is taking a secretarial course.

Elizabeth Hodge is doing social work in Cincinnati.

Henrietta Anderson is teaching in Rockford, Ill.

Katherine Griffith is teaching school in Emmerton, Va.

Berwyn Neal is doing social work in Newark, N. J.

Helen Guthrie Montgomery is teaching in Mattoon, Ill.

Rachel Forbush is doing library work at Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

Marianne Martin has to drop her work at Chatham because of ill health.

Ada Tyler is much better and hopes to return to Sweet Briar next year.

How I Became Socially Something at Sweet Briar

(Part Two)

G. IMA KNUTT

After having taken inventory on all of my sensory-motor connections which had been, or were supposed to have been, established by my ever-fertile yet uncultivated brain, I was suddenly almost abruptly reminded of the fatal fable: "A man is only won through his stomach." With this in view, I intubulated that the favorite girl must be carried to the Boxwood Tea House for a royal treat. Even while planning the course of events, my olfactory organs presented to me in a most delectable manner the savory odor of the steak just devoured before my arrival, or of the bacon, awaiting its doom on another's plate. Nevertheless, I saved my pennies until they totalled \$1.50. What could not one purchase for 75 cents per? It took all of my vocabulary and half of my roommates to frame up a suitable invitation for one so delicate, so coquettish, and yet so invincible (almost like the Spanish Fleet). Somehow darkness always appealed to my bold nature, so 10:31 P. M. was the time set to press my invite. Softly did I knock on her adorable door; quivering with emotion, I entered and finally succeeded in making myself understood. The stage was set for the following afternoon at exactly three bells and a half. S'Blood! Just as I closed the door on her frail form, I remembered that only the élite breakfasted at the tea house and I could not carry her twice a day.

With a faltering step, I stumbled back to my boudoir and spent a sleepless night trying to keep from falling off my cot

while tossing from left to right, and vainly attempting to hit upon some tactful plan of changing my date from afternoon to morning.

At breakfast the cloud was lifted, the solution was solved. We had our choice—the lays of ancient Amherst County or marmalade. I arose from my place light heartedly and skipped gracefully, à la C. H., over to *her* table and said, "Let's go to the tea house."

Her reply sealed my doom, "Twice in one day! You are *too* good to me!" It was only the fact that my roommate's father owned some stock in the Southern Railroad that saved the day.

That day after lunch I renewed my social function with light heart, going over to Randolph sorty—the thing to do.

Folk Lore

PRELUDE

Hark back a few harks with me,
 And see what all we can see;
 Fair lords and their ladies,
 Who acted like Hades,
 Got away with it, too, by gee!

KING JAMES

I

King James of England was growing bolder
 At shaking his very wicked shoulder,
 Till the queen came along and said, "Why, Jimmy!
 The English king shouldn't shake a shimmy."

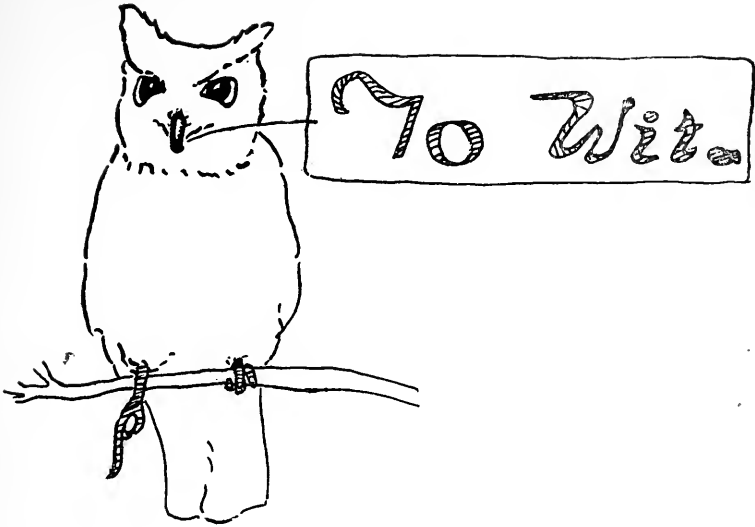
II

But the queen herself shook no mean shoulder,
 So up spake the king and this much told her,
 "If 'twixt crown and shimmy I have to choose—
 Then God save the King, for my crown I'll lose!"
 —"Rot and Truth," '22.

(Contributed by an Innocent Bystander)

Then they passed a law within the land,
 Which King James signed with 'passioned hand,
 That all the folks should shake a shimmy,
 And every one cried, "God bless Jimmie!"

So then they shimmied in the court,
 And, as historians report,
 The people danced and shook and wiggled,
 And bad King James sat there and giggled!



"When is a joke not a joke?"

"Usually."—*Panther*.

'TENSHUN!

"'Fall for 'em' Boatwright says it's good they got him away from Sweet Briar when they did, for he just knows somebody would have induced him into marriage."—*V. M. I. Cadet*.

Prof.: "I am going to speak on liars to-day. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?"

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Prof.: "*Good*. You are the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."—*Panther*.

Shafe (frantically searching for lost picture): "Have you seen Corot's 'Path Through the Woods'?"

Selma: "No, but if you find it and it's a good juicy novel, lend it to me. That's just what I'm looking for."

Stage Director (behind scenes): "Hi, you angels! cut out that crap game and get set for your song! Little Eva's gettin' ready to be hauled up to heaven!"

"In one of our examinations," says a member of the faculty of a western university, "a nervous student had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, subjunctive, potential, and exclamatory moods. His efforts were as follows:

"I am endeavoring to pass an English examination:
If I answer twenty questions, I shall pass;
If I answer twelve, I may pass.
God help me!"

—*Harper's.*

Seen on a Freshman chemistry exam: "An atom is a little piece."

ABRIDGED HYMN

It is true that bridge has gained
Quite a hold upon the college,
And is even known to vie
With the all-elusive knowledge;
But the craze has gone too far
In its capture of the town,
When the hymn in chapel reads
"When I lay my honors down."

—*Purple Cow.*

Miss Moore (to Bootsie who has lost book): "I am told that there are quite a few Spanish books in the Refectory. Miss Scovell, perhaps yours is among them."

Bootsie: "Oh, no, mine couldn't be there, because I never go."

Bing: "Has she many suitors?"

Sting: "Oh, yes, but none of them do."

Bing: "Do what?"

Sting: "Suitor."—*Widow*.

Young Hopeful: "What does college bred mean, Dad?"

Dad (reading heir's school expenses): "Merely a big loaf, Percival."—*Panther*.

Dr. Murray: "Miss Job, what habit did you try to form and just how did you go about it?"

D. J.: "Every night I set a purpose to arise at seven in the morning, but it hasn't worked."

Hand waves wildly.

Dr. Murray: "Well, Miss Thompson?"

Laura: "I think the best way would be to set an alarm-clock."

Mr. Nierman (lecturing on sugar in Chem. II): "In Cuba they surely do raise cane!"

She: "Why do they put corn-meal on the dance floor?"

He: "To make the chickens feel at home."—*Panther*.

M. T.: "Dr. McDougale, will you stay for an executive meeting of Current Events?"

Dr. McD.: "Will it take long? I have to read the sociology lesson."

M. T.: "That's a detail. Don't let that worry you!"

Dr. McD.: "Yes, but some one else might read it."

A negro was trying to saddle a fractious mule, when a bystander asked: "Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?"

"No, suh, but he sometimes kicks where I'se jus' been."—*American Legion Weekly*.

FACULTY SAYINGS

Miss Sparrow: "Of course, you know the original spinster was a man."

Dr. Harley (in Faculty Play): "Damme! I hate anything that's low!"

Dr. McDougle (suffering from keen disappointment): "Oh! slush!!"

WONDER WHY—

Dr. Bradley carries a cane?

Ruth Martin is seen in Carson so often?

Dr. Harley takes Bible?

The Lettes didn't change roommates when they had the chance?

A certain Freshman can tell you anything?

They call Mike Thompson "vampy"?

"My, that baby's fat!"

"Yes, he fell out of his cradle and came down plump."—
Purple Cow.

She: "Can you drive a car with one hand?"

He: "No, but I kin stop!"—*Tar Baby.*

Irate Father: "How is it, sir, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it?"

Brave Youth: "Great, *great.*"

Aggravating Northerner: "Of course Southerners use 'you all' in the singular sense——"

Hot-headed Southerner: "I beg your pardon——!"

A. N.: "——and I can prove it, too. Yesterday I was by myself in my room and a Georgia girl came in and said, 'Oh, are you all alone?'"

To a friend recently returned from South America: "I say, pick up any Spanish down there?"

"Nope, they're not half what they're cracked up to be."—
Voodoo.

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurts, alack!
I think I'll go around to-night
And put the blame thing back.

—*Purple Cow.*

One of our Juniors tells this story on her quaint English cousin who came over to America for a visit. She was put in the care of the ship's captain. For three days she was so seasick she could not appear on deck. Finally the head steward knocked upon her door and said that if she did not come out on deck the captain would be up to talk to her.

Seasick Girl: "Well, what will he do if he comes up?"

Steward: "Probably throw you overboard, miss!"

Seasick Girl: "Then fetch him quick."

Walter: "Mr. Smith has left his umbrella again. I do believe he would leave his head if it were loose."

Robert: "Dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Switzerland for his lungs."—
Lehigh Burr.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We should do our very best,
And, departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

—*Hour Glass.*

Freshman (discussing dance): "Yes, I went with gusto——"

Louisa: "Oh, who's he?"

Prohibitionist (lecturing to college boys): "Consider the camel, ye drunkards; the animal can cross the desert without a drink and you can't even cross the street without getting a high-ball . . ."—*Exchange*.

"Do you play bridge?" she asked him, as they stopped before the swollen brook.—*Purple Cow*.

"Goin' to the library to-night?"

"Nope, gotta study!"

Miss Czarnomska: "Who came after Napoleon?"

Mattie: "Bonaparte!"

Prof.: "What are the exports of Virginia?"

Stude: "Tobacco and live stock, sir."

Prof.: "Live stock? What kind of live stock?"

Stude: "Camels, sir."—*Awgwan*.

Though not many sections of the country remain in which horses and such-like animals are not thoroughly familiar with the automobile, yet in some of the little-traveled portions of the South Carolina mountains a large, fast-moving touring car suddenly flashing into view around a bend may easily produce evidences of excitement in some four-footed creature.

Sam, a chocolate-skinned chauffeur of just such a car, whose master occasionally travels over just such districts, says that each beast of burden has a distinct point of view concerning a suddenly materialized motor.

"De little donkey jus' say, 'Well, look who's here!' De ol' mule squint his eye funny and say, 'What in hell?' But a horse? Lordy! He jus' lay back he ear and holler, 'Oh, my Gawd!'"—*Life*.

IN THE FUTURE

Sweet Briar Movies.

No girls over twenty-five allowed.

LITTLE MOMENTS OF HAPPINESS

When you have just been called on by your esteemed psychology professor and gently but firmly urged to explain the James-Lange theory, and the bell rings for the end of the period.

When you gallop to the Academic Building with a pile of learned volumes under one arm and absolutely nothing in your head, and you are met with a notice: "Dr. So-and-So will not meet her classes to-day."

When nobody loves you and you have been wasting slowly away in an indigo-tinted atmosphere, and then one day your playmate bursts into your room without knocking and shrieks, "I hate you, dern you, you got six letters!"

When you have had to suffer silently in class all year, while the star student spiels forth on subjects quite beyond your comprehension, and then one day gets stuck and you get called on and know the answer, because the other star student has just told it to you.

READ THE BULLETIN-BOARD IN GRAY, GIRLS—YOU MIGHT
MISS SOMETHING!

"Lost, strayed or lifted for the time being from 208 Gray, picture of one blonde sailor, who, though not strikingly handsome, is nevertheless a dear friend. Please return at once, as its owner is not accustomed to being long without it."

"Whoever took the plate of fudge out of my window on Wednesday evening, January 28th, will please return the plate with a note of thanks. M. B. McNally."

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THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published six times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that in return, the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Our advertising rates are, per year:

One page.....	\$20.00
Half page.....	15.00
Quarter page.....	8.00
Eighth page.....	5.00

Payments for advertising are due the first issue of the magazine. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Address all communications to

MADOLON SHIDLER, *Bus. Mgr.*,
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The Sweet Briar Magazine

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But One Leads South

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

So many roads that come and go,
Busy and freighted, to and fro;
So many that I never see,
That still bring gifts and friends to me,
So many roads that go and come,
But one leads South—and that leads home!
Oh, I would rather see the face
Of that dear land a little space,
Than have earth's fairest, richest things
My own, or touch the hands of kings!
I'm homesick for it! When at night
The road South runs past still and white,
The road South runs past still and fair—

And I know well it's going there,
And I know well at last 'twill come
To that old candle-lighted home—
Though all the candles of heaven are lit,
I'm homesick for the sight of it!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Speaking of these verses, Miss Portor says: "I send them as a kind of salutation to you younger Southern girls—from one who was a Southern schoolgirl, too, at one time and has never forgotten that lovely privilege."

Steadfast As the Oak



IT WAS on a late afternoon in May that we drove into the little town of Berkeley. The glowing sky seemed to reflect the rolling meadows, and the setting sun lit the soft new foliage of the trees to a greenish gold. The little houses with their slanting roofs half hidden by shrubs and flowering bushes, made the village look like a toy town, minute yet perfect.

From the upper portico of the Inn I gazed out over the country. Far away, little farms dotted the land, white houses and barns glistened in the light of the glowing sun. There was one little place which interested me greatly. It was not far away, and I could see that the white house was trimmed with green, and that a high green gate served as an entrance into the little lawn surrounded by a white picket fence. The most noticeable thing, however, was the mighty tree trunk, topped by a great green ball of leaves, near the gate.

The place looked so attractive that I decided to walk over to see it before tea time. The only thing which kept the house from being entirely homelike, was the fact that there was no smoke coming out of the chimney. That, however, was no drawback, so with the excuse that my cigarettes were low I started off. Jack suggested himself as a companion but I assured him that I should not be gone long, and that he must be tired after our long day in an automobile.

The few people I met on my way were as quaint and picturesque as the little town. They reminded me of European peasants, very tidy in their full skirts, stiffly starched blouses,

and sun-bonnets. Smoke was curling out of every chimney along the road, and this accounted for the few pedestrians. The pleasant odor of bacon and coffee was stealing out of open kitchen windows.

As I swung along, I hoped that the people in the little white and green farmhouse would also be at supper. Then I might lean on the gate and look to my heart's content. As I crossed the field and drew near, I was struck with the fact that the occupants must all be away. The blinds were shut tight, the porch was empty. Through the glass panels in the front door I saw darkness. There was no dog to run yelping to the gate, no broken cart, no forgotten cushion under the trees, nothing to speak of happy country life. Not even a chicken was scratching along the gravel walk for his supper. The silence was broken only by the sound of the light wind in the trees. Disappointed, and yet relieved that I would not be disturbed, I looked up at the giant tree. It was an oak and as perfect a tree as I had ever seen. The great base with its roots moss-covered, rose like a fluted column and the branches spread out into a network filled in with airy open leaves. It was altogether a beautiful tree—the sort one sees in landscape paintings rather than in reality.

I sat down on the grass under the Japanese Azalea bushes and looked up at the mighty oak tree near the gate. By this time the sun, a great flame-ball, was about to drop down behind the hills. The tops of the tall trees were tinged with gold. In the little yard there was no sunlight, but the radiance of the reflection of the sun touched the farthest corner. As I sat there smoking, a great peace stole over me. Now and then a leaf rustled, a sleepy bird gave a low call, a cow-bell tinkled. Otherwise there was complete stillness. Tired by a day of driving over poor roads, I nodded sleepily. I was too drowsy to puzzle out the reason why a family with such a charming little farm would ever care to leave it. It seemed

to have been clipped and trimmed recently, the lawn was as smooth as moss, the house was freshly painted—it looked as if it might be ready for some young man to bring his bride to it.

All at once I heard a rustle in the lilacs and a step sounded near-by. Very hastily I opened and rubbed my eyes. Before me stood an old man leaning on a stick. He was a living Rip Van Winkle, a dreamer who was only half a reality.

I was very much embarrassed that he should have caught me napping on his grounds, so I jumped up hastily and began an apology.

“Don’t mind me,” he interrupted in a low, resonant voice. “I, like you, am just looking around.”

“Oh, then,” said I, “it isn’t your place?”

A look of sadness gathered across the wrinkled features of the old man and he said, “N-n-no. But I love it and every evening I come to look it over.”

By this time I was consumed with curiosity and interest. Who was the old man and why did he pay the daily visits to the deserted farm?

“I should like to hear about it,” I said timorously, “if you had the time and the inclination to tell me.”

The eyes, half covered by bristling brows, lit up strangely and a sort of smile flitted across his wrinkled mouth.

For a minute he seemed undecided. Then, in that same rich voice he answered, “I’ve never told about it before, but if you really want to hear about it, I will tell you.”

We sat down together under the fragrant shrubs and he began:

“It was a long time ago that Elvira Marsden came to teach in the village school. She was as young and fresh as a mountain nymph, though she came, as she said, from an Eastern city. Her hair was the color of ripe wheat, her skin as soft as the petals of a damask rose. Her eyes were the color of deep blue violets, with a very wistful look about them.

"It is needless to say that all the youths of the town found her far superior to the girls they had known all their lives. So the women, as a result, took to passing Elvira with a raise of their eyebrows and a toss of their heads, while the men began to smile when they saw her coming down the street with the sunlight shining on her hair.

"As time went on the race for her hand dwindled down till at the last it lay between two very earnest lovers, a traveling merchant with a farm, and a poet with a head full of visions. The girl loved to sit in the twilight and talk of life in a rose-covered cottage with the dreamer. But when she remembered that no sorts of cottages are founded with poetry for corner-stones, she would derive double pleasure from a ride with the merchant to his farm. I do not mean to say by that that Elvira did not love the man. She did love him. And the poet-dreamer was not worthy of her unless love is counted a qualification. In those days a woman looked toward a man as her sole support. She could not depend on visions for a living.

"One day she told the poet-lover that she was going to have the little rose-covered home in reality. Then with a strange look in her deep, lucid eyes, she said, 'But not with you, Porter. John can give me both home and love, and I am going to marry him.' Then Porter, with a great lump in his throat and a great, numb bleakness in his heart, wished her the greatest happiness in the world and wandered off. Elvira didn't see him again, not even at her wedding. He sent them a collection of beautiful poems and then nothing more was heard from him.

"Elvira was very happy in her new life. She turned the dark, musty, dusty house into a sparkingly clear, airy, comfortable home. The porch seats were full of pillows, there was a hammock under the cherry trees. Constantly smoke curled from the kitchen chimney. At the gate a dog barked

furiously at passersby. Chickens scratched around in the soft green grass, and flowers sprang up everywhere. With her many new duties, caring for her home and her husband, she began to forget the visions of life with the dreamer and the snubs from the women of the town. While her husband was at home she was perfectly happy. But he was away much of the time. Then the place was lonely. Even the puppy grew tiresome, and Elvira longed for a good friend who could come to chat and sew while she baked in the little new kitchen or hemmed table linen on the vine-covered porch. Sometimes when she was very lonely her mind would wander back to the happy hours spent with the poet, when he used to read while she sewed under the trees. Then she would hastily put the longing aside and plan for her husband's return.

"Once when she was looking over a magazine she came across a little poem called 'The Love that Giveth and Requireth Not.' She read it over and her eyes fell on the name, Porter Garfield. With a little clutch at her heart she sat down and wrote him of her happiness in his success. And not long after, she got a little note from him—short because he could not trust himself to make it long—thanking her for her thoughts and wishing her happiness.

"Often when the days grew long and tiresome she wished that she knew where he was. Then she would assure herself that she was glad that she could not find him, even though she wanted very much to tell him all her plans.

"One day her husband found it necessary to go on a trip far out into the West. She was all fears and begged that he would remain or that she might go also.

"I am so afraid that something might happen to you, dear,' she explained. 'Can't I go with you—if you must go?'

"John assured her that all was safe and begged her to be happy. It was strange how contented they were together.

One glance at her sent one to dreaming; but he bespoke energy, business, practicability. Yet they were as happy as sunflowers when they were together.

“At last the time came for John to go, and Elvira was left alone in the little house. She promised him that she would keep busy and happy. She wrote to him every single day. Often he found a dozen letters at one hotel. He would write her all about his success, and once he suggested that they buy a larger place, when he returned. But Elvira would not hear of leaving the little rose-covered cottage.

“One morning as she went down the path to the mail box for her accustomed letter, the delivery man called out, ‘I didn’t bring you no letter to-day, Missus Simpson. I guess Mr. Simpson wuz too busy to write; I’ll have one ter-morrer for you, maybe.’ Whipping up the lean old horse, he rambled off.

“As Elvira walked back to the house, the tears fell slowly. She had not realized before how dependent she had grown on her letters. Because she had promised not to worry, she tried to cast aside her vivid causes for fear and tried to be happy. As the days passed, the fear began to grow. She had no one with whom she could talk, to whom she might go for advice. Often she allowed herself to wish for the poet. He might read her one of his poems and drive away her fears. All day, from sunrise to sunset, she sat by the lilac hedge, watching and waiting.

“Her loneliness and fear grew as time went on, especially when the little boy who brought her groceries and cut her wood, told her the rumors he had heard in the streets. But she refused to believe the woman who said that the merchant must surely be dead, and who, gazing into her little white face, added, ‘But I don’t s’pose you care. With his money you’re safe, and you can have your good time all over again.’

“Elvira felt all the blood in her heart rush into her pale cheeks. Her eyes flashed. But she said nothing. Instead she turned and walked away.

“And she began to stay at home more than ever after that. People wondered what she did all day long alone. The village gossips gathered over fence rails and in kitchens, every one wondered what Elvira did. One day there was a perfect uproar when some one reported that Elvira had been seen in her garden wearing a black dress.

“The report was true. Her youth was dead, killed by the weight of her sorrow in which she received no comfort. But the people were too narrow to see where their morals failed. It was their concern to keep the narrow path. They were not responsible for a ‘woman from the East.’ So they let her life fade right before their eyes.

“Of course they had a good excuse. ‘Who was she? Why did the men desert the town girls when she came? Had not Porter Garfield loved Margy Newton till this stranger came? And had not John Simpson practically *declared himself* to Fanny Gilchrist?’ With the intolerance of the protected, narrow-minded women of the towns, they looked out in the direction of the quiet little farm and shook their heads.

“Meanwhile the poet was engrossed in writing. He had heard nothing from the little town. And Elvira, as great as was her sorrow, could not bring herself to seek him for sympathy and courage. The sparks of her hope were gradually being put out, one by one, and the gloomy spirit of her black weeds stole into her heart.

“And then one day the strangest thing happened. Elvira was trimming her lilac bushes when she heard her name called very lustily. And then the mail man added, ‘Here’s a letter and a parcel for you.’

“Elvira was too startled to believe her ears. Nevertheless she ran down the path her heart pounding against her frail

ribs. Claspings the box and the letter with all her might she hastened into the lilac corner, and with flutterings and gasps tore open the letter.

“On a blank sheet of paper were printed these words, ‘This box and enclosed note were found in suit of clothes belonging to John Simpson.’ There was no date, no signature, the very postmark was smeared.

“With trembling fingers she unwrapped the little package. Within a small white jeweler’s box lined with velvet, lay a tiny acorn and a folded paper. Elvira opened the sheet and read, ‘To show you how brave I think you are, dear, I’m sending you this little string of pearls. The little acorn grew on the most beautiful oak I ever saw. Plant it and watch it grow, while you are waiting for me. May it remind you of me every day and while we are separated may you be as steadfast as the oak.’

“Elvira held the acorn and the letter in his own handwriting in her trembling hand. She scarcely missed the pearls which he had spoken of. Suddenly she felt as if her spirit left her body and she lay on the grass for a long time silent, sorrowful, yet glad of her tiny remembrance.

“Under the moon, near the green gate she planted the acorn and her heart. Her love forever was bound in the roots of the young tree.

“Time moved on. The town began to look upon Elvira as a spirit. She seemed to care nothing for herself—only for the little sapling which was shooting up beside her gate. Her cheeks grew paler, her hair more streaked with gray, her form more shadowy. She lived the same secluded life. No one saw her unless he spied on her as she worked in the lilacs or tended the budding tree by the gate. Her life, her youth, her love seemed buried beneath its roots. Her sole object was the cherishing of her husband’s memory.

“As time went on she became the character of the village. Mothers frightened bad children to obedience with the words, ‘Do you want me to call Viry Simpson after you? She’ll take and bury you underneath that tree of hers if you don’t hush crying.’ And the older people themselves felt a little shiver at her name.

“One day, very suddenly, the poet came back. As soon as he entered the town, he went to the little rose cottage. He wanted, if he could not get the love of Elvira, the friendship of them both. As he drew near, he could scarcely believe his eyes. He noticed the peeling paint, the riotous shrubs and flowers, the stillness, the lifelessness of the place. No answer came to his calls for John and Elvira. All at once, the stillness was broken by the rustling of leaves and a figure in black, slim, bent, haggard, came out of the lilac bushes. The lowered head was raised, and he looked into very deep violet eyes, eyes with a strange, unearthly, wistful light.

“Porter caught her as if he thought she would vanish from his sight. ‘Elvira, what is it?’ he asked.

“She looked up at the oak tree by the gate and answered brokenly, ‘John—that is all I have left—he is gone.’

“At once he understood the looks of the place—and of Elvira. And at once he thought of the years he had spent in the city, while her heart had been eaten away by loneliness and despair.

“He tried to comfort her. But seclusion and solitary sorrow had schooled her to a lack of sympathy. And she did not know how to respond, unless her application when he read to her could be called a response. For her the charm, the consolation of poetry had increased tenfold, to her it was the sharing of life.

“So every evening in the twilight he read to her; in the warm days of spring and summer under the oak tree, in the cold, dark days of winter by the fire in the sitting-room.

“And always at the end of each reading he begged her to give him the opportunity of reviving her heart. She was free, and he had loved her since the first day she came to Berkeley. He wanted to heal the wounds in her heart, and give her back a joy in living. But she always answered, ‘He asked me to watch and wait till he came back. I can not fail him, Porter, I just can’t.’

“It came to pass that Porter forgot the aspirations he had felt so keenly in the East. His aspirations now were greater than ever because they were for the happiness of another being. His was ‘the love that giveth,’ and he gave all to Elvira.

“As time went on the little town forgot all about the ‘spirit Viry’ and the dreamer. They grew old together, apart from the rest of the village.

“One day as the November sun went down behind the hills the poet reached the green gate, but Elvira was not there to meet him. As he walked through the rustling oak leaves, he called for her. There was no answer. Again he called, but the only response was the sighing of the wind in the trees. A great fear, vague but frightful, stole into his heart and set it pounding in his body. Hastily he searched the lawn for her. There was no sign. The windows were shut and the doors locked. There was no light anywhere.

“Porter broke the latch of the kitchen window and stepped in. The stove was cold and dark. Elvira’s breakfast dishes were on the table. The piece of bread was hard and the gravy was a cold, white jelly on her plate. He ran into the hall. The air was damp and musky. He called again, and his voice rattled through the still house.

“He stepped into the open doorway of the sitting-room. By the last dying embers of the fire, he saw the slender form of Elvira stretched out on the hearth rug.

“He touched her heart. It was still. Life had fled from the cold body. Upon her face there seemed to flit a strange expression, that same wistful look which had hovered in the deep violet eyes, and yet over all there was a sense of victory. In each hand lay a crumpled scrap of yellow paper. Porter slipped them gently out and read them in the faint light.

“One was in the round handwriting of John Simpson saying, ‘Plant this and with love and hope watch it till I return. May you be as steadfast as the oak.’ And the other bore a few lines he had scribbled off one morning when he and Elvira had been reading lyrics and talking of rose-covered cottages. They were,

“‘For which is greater, sacrifice or happiness?
The man who follows duty is the conqueror.’”

The mellow voice stopped. By the moonlight I saw a strange glistening in the old man’s eyes. His lips quivered.

“And that is why I had the house painted, the shrubs clipped, that is why I come each evening to see that the oak tree is safe. As she was faithful, so must I be. For somewhere, in the leaves of the lilacs, Elvira’s spirit is steadfastly watching and waiting till he comes again.”

M. B., '21.

Unto Thyself Be True

These are the fires of the forces that hold us ;
God made the stars in their courses to mold us ;
Cobalt the night and the shadows about us,
Truth and existence are all void without us.

You who are strong men, lay hold on your reason ;
Day all the brighter seems in the night season ;
Watch for the morning nor let its glare blind you—
Truth is not wandered but that it will find you.

Heed not the guiding of Satan, the devil,
Rise above small things and seek your own level—
And if your heartstrings would pull you, go follow,
God did not make human hearts to be hollow.

Out of the wind and the night are we fashioned,
Love of the truth in us strongly impassioned—
Storms in their majesty bear us no menace
If we are true to the truth that is in us.

H. T., '23.

Breakfasts



HERE are many types of breakfasts suited to the many individual tastes of humanity. These breakfasts may be classified according to amount of the food they contain, according to nationality or according to the conditions under which they are taken.

It is rather a dismal meal at best, for no one is in a particularly good humor at the breakfast hour, particularly the representatives of the stronger sex. Women have learned after many bitter experiences, never to discuss anything unpleasant with a man until he has had his breakfast. Why should food alleviate mental discomfort? The reason for the answer is unknown but, also, unmistakable.

Some people prefer merely a cup of coffee and a roll as do the French. Others may prefer a huge menu of waffles or hot cakes covered with dripping syrup, eggs, bacon and hot rolls with, perhaps, a dish of fruit as an appetizer. This type of abundant breakfast finds loyal adherents in country people and those who need sustenance for their necessary physical labor. In the discussion of breakfasts it would never do to omit, at least a mention of the traditional breakfast dainty, apple-pie, of the New Englanders.

No matter what the type of breakfast, the condition under which it is partaken has an immense influence upon the enjoyment (and digestion) of the partaker. What could be cosier than an average American breakfast with its white table linen, shining silver and, if in winter, sparkling wood fire? To be sure, the harmony of the whole is rather spoiled by the rustling of father's newspaper and the haste of the

children to reach school in time. Then, the breakfasts of that smaller leisure class must be considered. It must be luxurious to awake and be immediately served with a perfect tray before the dreams have quite vanished and the cares of the day have begun to annoy.

To come to a more personal side, the Sweet Briar breakfast can be treated. Now, the condition under which the partaker eats has everything to do with his enjoyment in this case. How miserable, how nerve-racking it is to awaken to the sound of the breakfast bell, jump into one's clothes and dash through the cold morning atmosphere to an equally cold dining-room to eat with two hundred and fifty others as miserable as yourself! Quite a contrast is the breakfast obtainable by the wealthy at Sweet Briar. The cozy tea-house and appetizing food are welcome, indeed. Statements of breakfasts past and present could be taken up but even this short exposition of the subject shows the importance and significance of that first meal of our day—breakfast.

M. R., 21.

A Song

The flaming dawn melts into day,
The silver sunset turns to night,
A child has thrown his toys away,
Blue eyes are dull that once were bright.

The roses bloom and fade again,
The old year gives 'way to the new,
The clock chimes on in endless strain,
But I am I, and you are you.

So what care we though roses die,
And sands sift slowly to the sea?
Time can not change our love, and I
Am yours through all Eternity.

N. T., '23.

Musical Moods



MUSIC is responsible for moods, to a great extent. When I feel "peppy," to use a slang expression, "Head Over Heels" is what I want to hear, or some other lively composition. I want to dance, to spin around like a dervish, to leap and sing, cracking my heels together, and laughing. I am a mountain torrent, gushing over rocks, tearing over hills, down gulleys, bubbling over with life and spirits. The sunlight dances with me as I sparkle, and dash away between the trees and bushes, playing hide-and-seek with its bright beams.

Now put another record on the Victrola; the "Indian Lament" will do; and my entire mood changes. Now I am in a deep pine forest, alone, forsaken. The mourning dove weeps broken-heartedly in a tree-top, echoing the sadness that lies heavy on my own heart. The wind sighs through the branches, and a far-away dog lifts up his voice in lonely protest, to the moon. Like the dog, I, too, would howl, would weep, for very sadness of being. The moon is hidden by a cloud, and rain begins to fall, steadily, unceasingly, falling with a dull sound to the sodden earth below. I have no desire to exist further; let me lie down on the drenched leaves, and sleep.

Another record takes the place of the last, and "The Gypsy Trail" arouses me from my melancholy thoughts. I am a careless wanderer, following "the devices and desires of my own heart"; exploring forbidden paths, walking sometimes in "the Valley of the Shadow of Death," often cold and hungry, but always happy in my following of the "Romany pot-

teran." Always journeying westward, always seeking, and never finding what I seek. Forced to move from place to place, I have no desire to remain long anywhere. I only wish "to go, go, go away" from where I am!

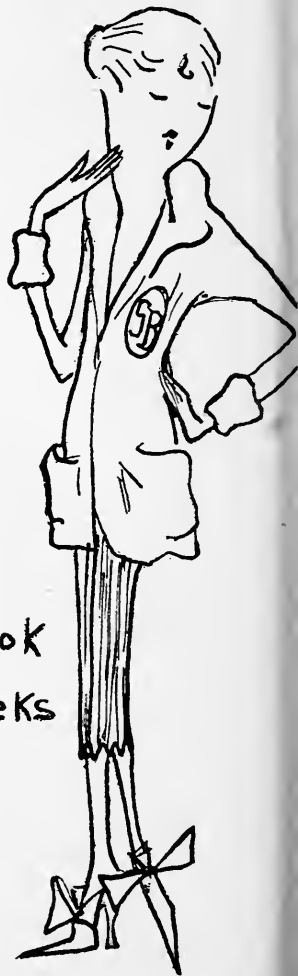
The "Perfect Day," sung by Evan Williams, closes my musical comedy. With his wonderfully sympathetic voice, and a beautiful accompaniment, all of my day's wrinkles are smoothed out, and I feel rested. It is sad, but so full of peace, of quietness, that all turmoil leaves my soul, and I am no longer a mountain stream, a blighted being, or a carefree gypsy, but myself. Though the day may not have been perfect, yet it seems so when I hear that sweet voice, which would make perfect any day.

A. S., '22.

WE NOMINATE ^{For the} HALL OF FAME



The girl whose pocket-book
will hold out for SIX weeks
Longer at the T. H.



The girl who wins
A Letter



The girl who gets a tub



The girl who gets all "A's"!



The girl who pulls onion-grass

The Last Test



THINK my wife saw it at the bottom of the label on the mange cure bottle. Yes, I am sure she did, for later I found it myself after the description of the miraculous effect it had on horses, dogs and cattle: "Excellent for the growth of human hair,"

it said.

Now for years Molly had been using my bald head to test the efficiency of every known patent hair restorer. Always my life had rolled on undisturbed by the applications while we waited in vain for results, with always the same consequence—nothing ever appeared to detract from the brilliance of my shining baldness.

So it happened just as I had gotten so accustomed to absorbing hair tonics and restorers without question or complaint, that I straightway obeyed the summons of Molly one evening after dinner when she said, "Henry, I think we might give this a trial. It sounds excellent." Now, although I hate being fussed with, I would not mind having a little more hair, for baldness is not a sign of youth and, well—I'm still an active man. So I obediently backed up under the lamp, book in hand, while Molly administered the loathsome liquid. About the third rub I ventured, "Molly, don't you think this has a rather peculiar odor?"

"Oh, that will wear off," she assured me, as she poured on more and rubbed vigorously over the surface of my scalp.

The events of the following day are as a never-to-be-forgotten nightmare. When I arose, I did not notice the offensive odor of the evening before. Probably my olfactory

sense had long been paralyzed by it. I know some of my senses had become duller and that I arose with a drowsy feeling which almost caused the missing of my train.

After I had got seated in the subway, I noticed people eyeing me peculiarly and sniffing the air with upturned noses. I had forgotten all about the mange cure and felt mortally insulted at the strange behavior of my fellow travelers. Even a lady seated beside me very pointedly got up and took a vacant seat at the other end of the car.

Not until I had got to the office and such remarks as, "Man, your presence is undesirable," or "Where is that dog?" were hurled at me from table and desk did I come to understand why I was such a curious object coming down in the subway. During the morning, one meek-looking, hen-pecked little clerk whose shining head likewise resembled a billiard ball, came up to me with a sympathetic air and, laying a brotherly hand on my shoulder, said, "Are you, too, a victim?" At noon I did not dare leave the office, knowing myself to be a public nuisance. The boys at the office urged me to evacuate at least until the room had been aired. But I remained, telling them to bring back some sandwiches or anything to stay my hunger. Instead, one presented me with a string of bologna, addressing me as "Fido," another wanted to muzzle me. Yes, I truly led a dog's life that day! Not much work was completed, I can assure you, and I dared not leave before office hours were over or I should have escaped long before to a barber shop or hair dressing establishment of some sort to rid myself of the pungent scent I was emitting.

At closing time, I considered taking a taxi out, but I found to my chagrin that, in my hurry of the morning, I had forgotten my pocket-book and that my pocket contained only forty-three cents and a few subway tickets. It was after banking hours.

Thus I found myself in somewhat the same embarrassment on the return trip. People actually scowled. I tried to ignore it by reading but looked at the same page for an hour; and when my station was announced and I was out breathing fresh air again, I felt like a freed convict. Down the street came Fluffo, Molly's young poodle. He greeted me more familiarly than he had ever done before. Nothing in the world would have caused such friendly behavior but that infernal canine antiseptic. It was, however, a relief and a comfort after a day of scorn and derision to encounter at least one amicable spirit and a common bond united us from that moment forward. I knew his position among other neighborhood dogs and wondered if maybe he did not feel the same outcast as I had felt in the office and on the subway.

That night we performed a solemn rite out in the back yard as a token of our odium for all hair restorers and tonics. With glee and relief every bottle we had been able to find was emptied, then broken, and Fluffo, the once neglected pup, now friend, licked my hand in grateful appreciation as the last drop of a brand-new bottle of Glover's Mange Cure dripped to the ground.

Needless to say, I am content to remain bald for the rest of my life.

S. B., '22.

EDITORIALS



If we all worked for the Campaign the way we pulled up wild onions from the campus, Sweet Briar ought certainly to be the most heavily endowed college in the United States. No sooner had Miss McVea suggested that we divide the campus into four sections and assign a part to each class, than, armed with gloves and bowie knives, we sallied forth to exterminate the spring pests which set up such flourishing competition to the fragrance of white lilacs and wistaria. In this we showed spirit, the strongest one at Sweet Briar, some Freshman remarked. We pulled together and in a day or so, we were able to breathe again the beloved odor of magnolias and sun-warmed box.

Let's have the same coöperation in this Endowment Campaign. Our professors have responded splendidly. They believe in Sweet Briar. The Alumnae are loyal. They have turned every effort towards soliciting funds in their own communities, and many present students gave up the greater part of their spring vacation to doing the same thing.

Lady Astor, our honorary chairman, was successful in her campaign. Don't let one woman get ahead of three hundred. Sweet Briar has never failed to do what it set out to do, and as Miss McVea said, there isn't a girl in College who wouldn't give up one-fourth of a new evening dress to help her Alma Mater beat its own record.

Sweet Briarites, let's insure our College of a speedy success in this undertaking and show the world that we, like Miss Laura Spencer Portor, consider it a lovely privilege to be a Southern school-girl.

S. R. R.





Dramatics

"MERELY MARY ANN"

'Twas Friday, March the twelfth, at seven-thirty of the clock,
That "Paint and Patches" gave a play (the old birds of the
flock).

'Twas surely most exciting, an event we'll all recall;
It succeeded in delighting Sweet Briar College, one and all.
There was Beeson, this year's May Queen, as the famous
leading man—

Lancelot, the great composer, played as only Beeson can.
Peter, faithful friend of Lancelot, a composer highly paid,
By Faith Mengel was convincingly and happily portrayed.
Mary Klumph, as Monsieur Rigot, all our deep emotions
stirred,
And in Reverend Samuel Smedge, we recognized our peerless
Burd.

Tottingham, who with his monocle, brought to our lips a
smirk,
Was played in highly finished way by clever Margaret
Mierke.

Our Selma as a landlady must surely take the prize,
And Shidler as her daughter Rosie—Oh, those dreamy eyes!
Both Trot and Shoop have missed their calling, that we
surely know,
Their place in life's the chorus of some high-class Broadway
show.

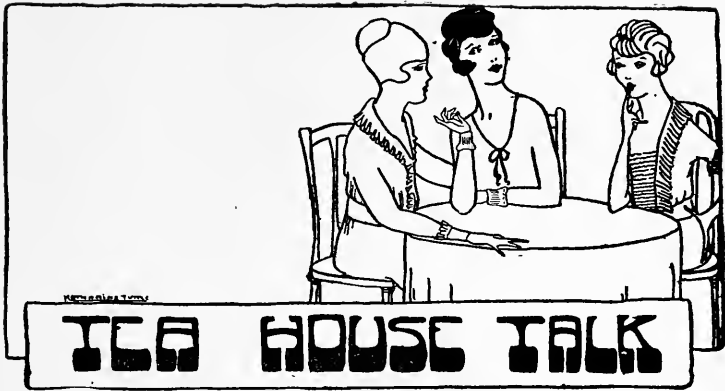
M. V. Crabbs and Jo Ahara, Rhoda Allen, too, we see
True to life as noble ladies of a very high degree.

Fanny, waiting on the ladies, showed us how it should be
done,

As she neatly passed the coffee, serving all and spilling none.
But the greatest of our praises must be given actress Fran,
Who enraptured all our hearts by being "Merely Mary Ann."

N. H., '20.





PATHÉ MONTHLY

SEES ALL—MISSES NOTHING

“Hello there hon, did you have a *grand* time?” No, this is not a line for the chorus or a line from a popular song, but just the ordinary line of the average S. B. student to her friends or distant acquaintances who have just returned from some hop or other. It doesn’t matter who the girl is, or who you are, or where she was, the formula is just the same. The answer to the above question has about three variations but all are to the effect that she never has had or hopes to have such a wonderful time, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. But nevertheless, Pathé is right here to state that we are proud of our girls both at home and abroad and we cordially extend our sympathies to all other girls, for as far as we can gather no one else had a chance.



Now that every one is back again in the fold we have another all-absorbing occupation. It requires a girl who is strong of heart, hand, and knee and preferably of deadened

olfactory senses. Yes, you have guessed it, Aurelia, it is nothing short of pulling onions. You lose your patience, beauty and friends (until you have taken a bath) but it is worth the loss of almost anything to see the campus resplendent with the springtime verdure, minus the onions.



While perusing the college daily we find the following gem from Princeton: It seems that the Senior Class has just taken its annual statistics with the following results: "The Senior Class has 27 men who have never kissed a girl, 20 who believe the act to be morally wrong, 33 who do not smoke, 14 who deem dancing morally wrong and 8 who believe card-playing to be wicked." Upon reading the above we can almost console ourselves that we are not going to Princeton this year. It is an awfully long distance and we just know we would have drawn one of the 20 or one of the 8.



"Just so we're perfectly comfortable," seems to be the motto of those who leave us to attend these long-distance conferences. People like Marian Shafer, Tay Taylor, Fanny Ellsworth and Penny just trot off all the time, it seems to us. Of course we realize that there is no earthly reason why any one would want to confer with us but nevertheless we are beginning to chafe at that invisible bond which seems to keep us from sailing off while the organization pays the bills. We would like to ask the above four just how they did it.



We regret to have to announce that Miss Louise Evans, better known to us as "Phoebe," has been forced to leave S. B. because of ill health. We realize how much she disliked to leave the Briar and all her friends and we keenly feel her absence.

We are not giving this on good authority but we just wanted to cheer the "old girls" up and tell them that we heard tell that maybe the "new girls" were going to give us a party after all. Their motto seems to be "Look before you leap," but we remind them that if you spend your time looking you will never leap.



A lovely maiden and a general favorite in the College was missed from the throng a few days ago and after a long search involving the faculty, Mr. Dew, and Mr. Martindale, the missing damsel was found locked in the library, where she had fallen asleep. We shall withhold her name but we quote the case as an unfortunate example.



While in Amherst the other day we saw a woman who reminded us all at once of Julia Benner, Madelaine Bigger, Helen Johnston, Mike Thompson, Rhoda Allen, and Jerry Ball. While meditating upon this phenomenon it suddenly broke over us that this remarkable woman was a regular customer of Alice's. (Now you say it, brown sugar, we're refined.)



We hope you have been attending the interclass basketball games that have just been played. The only criticism that we would make would be that after any girl has paid \$5 to join athletics she certainly is entitled to a step-ladder when she plays Bernice Blair.

Dress Parade

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

"Where are the students going now?" remarked the visitor staid.

"To Amherst-town, to Amherst-town," the humble Freshman said.

"What makes you look so sad, so sad?" remarked the visitor staid.

"I'm dreadin' what must surely come," the humble Freshman said.

"For they're takin' clothes to Alice, you can see a suit or two, Hats and sweaters, scarfs and dresses—whether they are old or new.

For they've got to pay their honest debts now some weeks overdue,

So that's why they're takin' all their clothes to Alice."

"What makes the last ones go so fast?" remarked the visitor staid.

"They haven't much, they haven't much," the humble Freshman said.

"Why do the first ones bend so low?" remarked the visitor staid.

"They're weighted down, they're weighted down," the humble Freshman said.

"They're takin' their clothes to Alice, they go over every day, She has sold a lot of clothes for them, an' now they want their pay ;

An' there's my roommate startin' out, she's comin' out of Gray,
An' she's takin' all *her* clothes to Alice."

"Does Alice then *sell* all their clothes?" remarked the visitor staid.

"There's none that's ever been brought back," the humble Freshman said.

"What do they do when all are sold?" remarked the visitor staid.

"They wear our ancient 'Hofflin' suits," the humble Freshman said.

"For we're out here in the country, we don't care much how we look.

We live down at the tea-house—we just hate to crack a book. We want the cash for Lynchburg, then too, we like to cook, An' so that's why we take our clothes to Alice."

E. J. C., '21.



Wellesley is to be congratulated on its new magazine, *The Experimenter*, for the venture has indeed proved to be successful. The magazine is most skilfully balanced, with a very just proportion of serious and light matter, though perhaps the lighter fiction is overshadowed by the essays. The department of "Pied Pipings" is a particularly happy experiment. We always follow its "ravings" with great interest and delight.

In the February issue of *The Experimenter*, by far the most interesting article was a story with a rather inviting title: "There Are More Things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio—" which proved by no means misleading. The plot—dealing with a lovely but strange young girl, who proves to be the reincarnation of a mermaid, and in the end, leaps into the sea to join her pirate lover, drowned centuries before—is most unusual and refreshing in these days of trite love-stories, and the atmosphere of mystery is admirably maintained. Against a background of misty, wind-swept sea, with a spectre bark appearing under the Southern Cross, the Spanish girl, "with her eyes like the sea in a storm" and her voice seemingly mute yet singing songs with notes no human voice could ever hope to reach, stands out like a character from one of Coleridge's weird tales. The girl who could conceive such a story has a great future before her.

Another charming article is the sketch, "Queer Old New York," depicting the lower side of that famous city in a light in which it is not often seen. The writer has a sincere love for the scenes which she describes, and brings them before her readers clearly, yet clothed in the glamour that comes from the soul which sees beauty in everything. There is some verse which draws and merits our attention—especially the soothing melody of "Rain Music and Night," and an excellent discussion of both sides of the Fiume question.



The Scrap Book is developing a strong short-story department, though perhaps it might be advisable to make those stories a little less highly colored. They still bear, though but slightly, the stamp of the school-girl love of Romance. The "Scraps From Sullins" are excellent and very amusing parodies on certain well-known masterpieces, supplemented by sketches from college life. On the whole it is a very good magazine, but a department of serious essays is conspicuously absent.

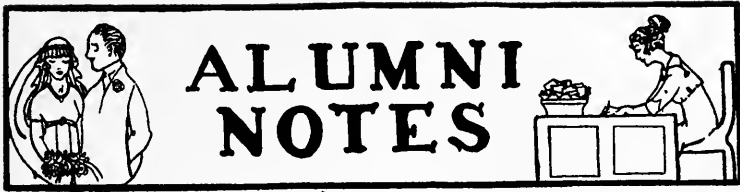


We gratefully acknowledge *The Wells College Chronicle*, *The University of Tennessee Magazine*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Lesbian Herald*, *The Hollins Magazine*, and the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*.

To Ye Juniors

(With Apologies to Bryant)

Who in quest of advancement holdeth
Communion with thy instructor's grade-books
They speaketh a various language, for thine prayer hours
They haveth a voice of gladness, a mild eloquence, elusive,
But, when thoughts of thy last bitter hour come like a
Blight o'er thy spirit
And sad images of ye stern Professor, and disgrace, and
Sorrow and utter Flunkdom and the "office" maketh thee
To shudder and grow sick at heart lest thou misseth ye goal,
Seniority,
Go forth to some Senior Friend, and list to Wisdom's teach-
ings,
Whilst from all around forthcometh wisings ups, on "Cram-
ming,"
And the art of "getting by."
For ye wiles and guiles ye Seniors work
Oft dissembled with an outward show
Ye tricks and toys that in them lurk
Ye faculty and graduates them shall not know.



MARRIAGES

Elizabeth Hagan married Mr. Harris Noland last December and is now residing in Richmond Kentucky.

On April 17th, Charlotte Lansing married Mr. Arthur Cobb Hardy and is now residing in Boston.

Doris Johnson will be married shortly to Mr. Henry Nagle of Cincinnati.

Berwyn Neal will be married in June to Mr. DeWitt Heise, of New York City.

STUDENTS AT SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

George Washington University: Elizabeth Claxton.

University of Cincinnati: Louise Pochat, Eleanor Finke, Virginia Box, Caroline Freiberg, Therese Wolfstein.

University of Kansas: Mildred Fowler.

Sophie Newcomb: Frances Evans, Eleanor Gould (Kappa).

Rice Institute: Iden Greer.

Miss Cole's School, Philadelphia: Helen Hodgkin.

Miss Semple's School, New York: Juliet Hofmayer.

Randolph-Macon College: Virginia Ross.

Iowa City University: Bernice Greene, Katherine Wright.

University of Minnesota: Catherine Shenahon.

Winifred Krans sails on May 12th for South America, where she will make her future home.

Stewart Case sailed on March 11th for the Philippines, where she will teach English in a native school.

Vivienne Barkalow is teaching physical education in the Wolcott School, Denver.

Edith Forbush is secretary in the Maywood (Ill.) High School.

Marjorie Abraham is doing newspaper work in Montgomery, Alabama.

Carrie Sharpe was elected to a three-year term on the Board of Directors of the Y. W. C. A. of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

How I Became Socially Something at Sweet Briar

(Part Three)

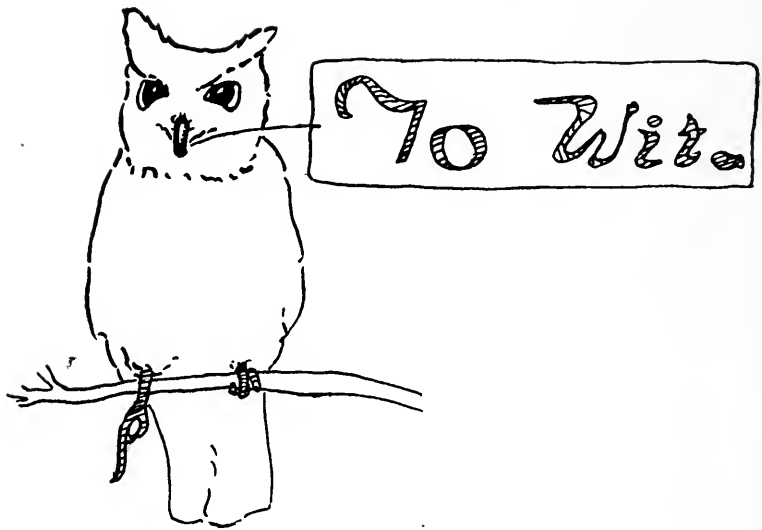
G. IMA KNUTT

You know variety plays an essential part in the social whirl of gayety, even the seasons change and since I have been told that I am quite seasonal (not in a domestic way, however), I deemed it wise to make a bridge of my affection and stumble across.

This is a most fortunate year to choose a playmate, that is in a financial sense, because one would rather stay out of doors than in close quarters. Spring has many advantages, you know. After I had asked her to go out with me to help destroy the fatal milk-charmer, *néé* onion, and after our orders for white *flannel* suits had been delivered, shortened and donned, we felt quite clubby and everybody must confess we were surely in the midst of things at the Briar.

It was heart rending to have to leave her for the week-end of April ninth and tenth, but again the wheel of Society had stopped at "90." Of course, she was going, too, but the disastrous clause comes when I write that our bids were in different directions. Oh, why are males so partial? (Even Miss Eubanks and Dix have discovered this.)

I lost ten years of my life by talking so much while spreading propaganda concerning the beauty and physique of my favorite girls. But my efforts were in vain, nobody else held similar views, and yet they say, "Ignorance is bliss!" as she rubbed on the right-hand edge of my left shoulder and said, "Nobody loves me and my clothes don't fit." What was I to do but call up Miss McCarron, weeks in advance, and with an empty handbag, order an Easter corsage bouquet? Pray for snow, I did not get the last drift.



Lives of great men oft remind us
As their pages we o’return,
That we’re apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.

—*Stowaway.*

AGE OF INNOCENCE

Shelley at V. M. I.: “One girl at the hops had three proposals in one evening.”

Fran.: “How do you know?”

Shell: “I saw three different men try to kiss her.”

She (in an effort to get things going): “Do you believe in heredity?”

He: “Certainly I do. Do you know, dad always used to make a big hit with the women.”—*Record.*

Doctor: "It will cost you \$500 to have the operation performed."

Patient: "Can't you make it a little lower, Doctor? I've got a bid of \$475 from the undertaker."—*Chapparal*.

"Waiter, this coffee is nothing but mud."

"Yes, sir; it was ground this morning."—*Voo Doo*.

Soph.: "There's a big woman in Woolworth's who is nearly seven feet tall."

Frosh.: "What does she weigh?"

Soph.: "Candy."—*Froth*.

Mrs. E.: "I understand that your son is very much inclined toward study."

Mrs. Z.: "Yes; he's inclined so far that he slid to the bottom of his class."—*Chapparal*.

Prof.: "Why are you tardy?"

Tom: "Class began before I got there."—*Orange Peel*.

1922 (busily writing letter): "Is there an 'e' on the end of chaperon?"

1921: "No, but there are two 's's' in unnecessary."

—*Record*.

"Mistah Johnson, do you all believe in dis yere high education?"

"Yes, sah—Ah do. Ah have one son studyin' foh de ministry and two in de state refo'm school."

Small Man: "Have you plenty of room, madam?"

Fat Lady: "Yes, thank you."

Small Man: "Well, then, give me a little, please."

1st Briarite: "Why is Sunday such a contradictory day?"

2nd Briarite: "Because it's all hymns and no mails."

"I wrote the Prof. a little note at the end of my examination saying how much I enjoyed his course."

"What did he do?"

"Said I could take it again if I liked it so much."

—*Record.*

Man thinks he's awfully good to us—

(And still the wonder grows!)

If he sits by one year in four

And let's the girl propose.

But, poor deluded creature!

I'll bet you half a dime

He doesn't know it's really she

Who does it all the time.—*Miss E. S.*

1st Girl: "I want to marry a man with brains."

2nd Girl: "I know, dear, but I believe one should marry within one's own circle."—*Jack o' Lantern.*

Overworked Husband: "You've been keeping me waiting 'round here like an old fool for an hour."

Wife: "Well, my dear, I may have kept you waiting, but I had nothing to do with *how* you waited."—*Lampoon.*

First Cousin: "How can she afford so many marcelles?"

Second Cousin: "Dunno. Mebbe she rolls her own."

—*Sun Dodger.*

Of all sad girls with whom I'm sore,

The saddest, I'm sure, are those,

Who wait till time to go, before

They dive into their clothes.

Tourist (gazing at a volcano): "Looks like hell, doesn't it?"

Native: "How these Americans have traveled!"

—*Lampoon.*

Gibbs: "And then her countenance dropped."

Hibbs: "Break it?"

Gibbs: "Nope; never cracked a smile."—*Pelican.*

"What are you going to do after you leave college?"

"I dunno—I wish I were the Prince of Wales."

"Why?"

"Well, he's pretty sure to succeed."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Liza, what fo' you buy dat udder box of shoe blackin'?"

"Go on, nigga, dat ain't shoe blackin'; dat's ma massage cream."—*Anagan.*

1st Girl: "Why is a Bevo sign like a nymph?"

2nd Ditto: "Because they are both dry-ads."—*Record.*

"All right there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," came from a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on."

The entire carful turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl got on with a basket of laundry.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Physiol. Prof.: "What do you know about cells?"

Stude: "Not very much, sir; I've only been in two."

—*Gargoyle.*

Clarence: "I want to know where I stand in your affections."

Clarentina: "Be seated."—*Drexford.*

"You know that it is now definitely established that there were automobiles in the old Bible days."

"Why no, how is that?"

"Well, the Bible says that if we are good we will be taken Home on High."—*Sour Owl*.

First Fond Father: "I got my education at the country schoolhouse and it didn't cost me anything. My son goes to college on two thousand a year."

Second Proud Parent: "Well, his is higher education."

—*Orange Peel*.

You say that we powder and paint—
 Well, maybe we do;
 A mouse makes us fall in a faint,
 Perchance that is true;
 But we don't sit at poker till four in the morn;
 A cocktailless banquet doesn't leave us forlorn.
 Say—how about you?

—*Record*.

"That fellow's an awful cradle robber!"

"Yes, almost a rattle snake."—*Tiger*.

Biggs: "Lend me a dollar and I'll be eternally indebted to you."

Wiggs: "Yes, I'm afraid so."—*Record*.

First Frosh: "Scientists say trees contribute to the heat of the atmosphere."

Second Frosh: "That's so. Many's the time I've been warmed by a birch."

Student (coming from hygiene lecture): "Some terrible things can be caught from kissing."

Second Student: "Right! You ought to see the poor fish my sister caught."

Jim: "What do they mean when they say you feel cheap?"

Jam: "It's the way you feel when you wear your new suit to a party and forget to take off the price mark."

—*Chaparral.*

Prof.: "Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

Bright Soph.: "I have, Prof."

Prof.: "What is it?"

B. S.: "Thirty days."—*Punch Bowl.*

Prof.: "You can't get that problem? Why, when I was in college I got that problem easily."

Stude: "You must have had a good instructor."

—*Gargoyle.*

Miss Henderson: "I want to see you get a B on this quiz, Miss Shafer."

Shaf.: "So do I. Let's pull together."

A green little Freshman, in a green little way,
Mixed some chemicals up for fun one day.
The green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little Freshman's green little grave.

—*Orange Peel.*

Student (translating Latin): "But the crocodile—"

Prof.: "I'm sure you got that from a crib."

"No sir, I didn't!"

"I know you did, and as you've told a lie about it, I will have to report it to the Dean's office, and try to make it a case for expulsion."

"No, sir, I didn't get that from a crib. It's 'alligator' in there."—*Record.*

Now I lay me down to rest,
 To study hard I've tried my best;
 If I should die before I wake,
 I'd have no blamed exam. to take.

Her eyes are deep, intangible,
 With mystery engrossed.
 But she's not for me—alas!
 Her eyes are crossed.

"How's your new police dog? Taught him any new tricks?"

"Yes, I'm teaching him to eat out of my hand. He took a big piece out of it yesterday."—*Widow.*

Tailor: "Do you want a cuff on the trousers?"

Customer: "Do you want a slap on the mouth?"

—*Lampoon.*

"Ella's new photo must be a jolly good likeness."

"Why?"

"She's had it two days, and hasn't shown it to any one."

—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

"It's easy to cause a money panic in these times."

"How so?"

"Just cancel an order for a pair of shoes."

Winston: "My career at college is like an open book."

Winnie: "Illustrated with cuts, I suppose."

First Nig: "If ah had ma way dey'd run wars lak dey do street cars."

Second Nig: "How's dat, black fellow?"

First Nig: "Whites to dah front an' niggas to dah rear."

—*Chaparral.*

“What was he pinched for?”

“His father let him use the auto for an hour.”

“Well?”

“He tried to ride an hour in fifteen minutes.”

—*Houston Post.*

“I haven’t seen your son for several years. He seemed then quite a promising lad.”

“That’s the proper adjective; he’s been sued twice for breach of promise.”—*Boston Transcript.*

One hears a great deal about the absent-minded professor, but it would be hard to find one more absent-minded than the dentist who said, as he applied a tool to his automobile, “Now this is going to hurt just a little.”—*Harper’s Magazine.*

“Mamma, why’s papa no hair?”

“Because he thinks so much, my dear.”

“But why have you so much?”

“Because—go away and do your lessons, you naughty boy!”—*Karikaturen.*

He had met THE woman. Despite the fact that he’d only known her two days, it seemed as though he’d known her a lifetime. She had told him that. He had fifteen cents. She had the war tax. She borrowed his fifteen and ordered a nut sundae. She forgot to order the two spoons as is customary in such cases. He watched her eat it. She never paid him back.

MORAL—Never-Float-A-Loan-On-A-Marcel-Wave.

—*Sun Dial.*

She: “I don’t think it is right to say a woman can’t keep a secret.”

He: “What makes you say that?”

She: “No woman ever tried.”—*Widow.*

He took her to the ice-cream stand,
 His pretty blue-eyed Sal,
 But fainted when he saw the sign,
 "Cream 80 cents a gal."—*Exchange.*

Dr. McDougal's classes were having one of their favorite discussions about women's quality of work. Most of the class had come to an agreement when this occurred:

Dr. McDougal: "Miss Shafer, how is it up in your shoe factory?"

Shaf.: "As a rule the men do the best work; but the women are the only ones who can do the vamping!"

ME, TOO.

There once was a youth from N. Y.,
 Who was heard to exclaim with a sigh,
 "I've heard people tell
 That New York is Hell,
 So I guess I'll go home when I die."

—*Froth.*

A Professor who had been a little too exacting with a student at an examination in Chemistry, asked, as a final question: "Can you tell me anything at all about Prussic acid?"

"Yes," replied the student. "It is a deadly poison. One drop on the end of your tongue would kill a dog."

A ring on the finger is worth ten on the phone.—*Sour Owl.*

"You eat well."

"Yes, I've practiced all my life."—*Gargoyle.*

We went to see the U. V. game,
 The V. M. I. one, too,
 We took in dances, plays and all
 (And then wrote home anew):

Our class dues took five bucks this week ;
 Our lab. fees hit the sky ;
 Our books cost us much more these days ,
 Our money seems to fly."

—Revised from *Jack o' Lantern*.



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 FOURTH OF HER PARTY
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WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE BEEN THERE WHEN—

Hannah Keith copped that V. M. I. miniature?

Jule Albers sang in the Arkansas State Insane Asylum choir on Sunday afternoon?

Helen Beeson got that bump on her nose?

Mad Shidler met the unknown man at West Point?

Louisa Newkirk lost that skirt at V. M. I.?

Adele Fies just missed matrimony in Lynchburg?

A huge, fat Jewish traveling salesman offered to buy Lette Shoop a box of candy on the train?

Jerry Ball announced that she couldn't "spear the cake" at Mrs. Woolworth's luncheon?

The Lettes sat on the bellboys' seat in the hotel in New York?

Gert Dally got all upset over Ella Wheeler Wilcox?

Third Floor Randolph mistook Miss Lewis for Libby Elkins in the tub?

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‘ NIAGARA MAID HOSIERY ’

Business Manager's Announcement

THE SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE, which is conducted by the student body of Sweet Briar College, is at present published six times annually.

We call the attention of our readers, the students in particular, to the firms who advertise with us, and who thus have contributed materially to the financial support of the magazine. We hope that in return, the students will, as far as possible, give them their patronage.

Subscription price, \$1.50 per year. Our advertising rates are, per year:

One page.....	\$20.00
Half page.....	15.00
Quarter page.....	8.00
Eighth page.....	5.00

Payments for advertising are due the first issue of the magazine. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Address all communications to

MADELON SHIDLER, *Bus. Mgr.*,
Sweet Briar, Va.

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The Sweet Briar Magazine

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Spring Fever

When Pegasus begins to buck,
 And rears to fly away,
You think I'd try to wallop him?
 Oh nay, my friend, nay, nay!

I turn him out to bluest grass,
 I sugar all his meals,
I let him flap his wicked wings,
 And kick his naughty heels.

Or when the Muse would flout me, strikes,
 And vows she's worked to death,
'You think that I'd be coaxing her?
 I would not waste my breath!

I fetch her little latch-key brave,
Her veil and fillet bring,
I kiss her haughty finger-tips,
I bid her have her fling.

Right gaily then I hie me forth
To dig the garden-ground,
To paint the pliant swing, and take
The time to tinker 'round.

But soon outside my study door
I hear a plaintive neigh;
Then gentle taps, and soft footfalls
That will not go away.

So in I go and fling it wide,
And "Welcome home!" I cry;
For they are tired of rest, poor dears,
(And so, indeed, am I).

On Pegasus' bright back I leap,
The Muse swings up behind—
And swift we race the rhythmic stars,
Outspeed the lyric wind!

The Gaspard Tomb



THIS IS LIKE funeral music by Strauss!" declared Mara. The sunlight trembling upon the marbles fell through cypress and live-oak and was veiled in the crêpe of mourning moss. Against the gloom of massed cedars and palms blazed the glories

of the azaleas: a crash and dissonance of color which gave to the place an appearance of sinister despair.

"How dramatic it is!" exclaimed the girl. "This should be the burial place for all dead actors, Aunt Parthena: tragedians trained to appreciate a perfect setting."

"If the dressing-rooms in that ramshackle old Opera House indicate the hygienic care bestowed upon the profession down here," grimly observed the lady addressed, "no doubt it will be filled with them shortly."

Mrs. Parthena Griffin was a-wearied; not alone with the recent monotonous journey through clay-banks and piney woods, but also with a mental cumulation of the arduous cares of the recent years. When she had accepted the wardship of Mara, she had done so with misgiving; but she had buckled on the armour of prayer, and felt that she was sallying Daniel-wise to protect youth, frivolity and innocence from the beasts which continually do prowl about stage-entrances and all other resorts of player-folk. After her assumption of her duties, she had for a while been bewildered by her new environment, and its lack of that sort of danger and temptation by which she had supposed young actresses ceaselessly beset; soon, however, she had adapted herself with tact and devotion to Mara's life of travel, color, adulation and success; with its Grecian worship of beauty, its intense effort

and study, its spiritual development, its mental and physical fatigue, its exaltations and abasements. Always she had tried to surround her fair Melpomene with the little homelinesses, the small housewiferies, which may save towering young souls from overbalancing; she had engaged in continual setting-up and taking down of those good little gods the Lares and Penates; a gallant attempt to create the fireside atmosphere in impossibly gorgeous hotel suites; in hired houses; in special Pullman cars. After long runs of heavy and exhausting rôles she had striven to control that envious dispossession of Mara's own life and self by that of the character impersonated. And, through it all, how she had yearned in her good, old-fashioned way for the appearance of a masterful man, who would settle all Mara's high-flown foolishness, and forbid all her vicarious agonizing. Fame, indeed! Woman's place was the home. A healthy pair of twins now. . . . But at this point she was wont to refrain blushing from further reflections.

She had rejoiced in this tour of the South. Mara had responded to contact with its gay, charming people. Her buoyancy, her insouciant mirthfulness, the heritage of her youth, threatened by her absorption in the woes of her tragic heroines, had seemed restored. And now, thought Mrs. Griffin with exasperation, just when her penchant for charnals seemed at least mitigated, they had been brought straight from rehearsal to take the air in this memory-haunted cemetery! Already she could remark its disquieting effect upon Mara.

The young girl was leaning from the car with a look at once fascinated and repelled; her dilated eyes fixed upon a low structure to the right of a scuteheoned gate. It was a stone mausoleum, dank, clammy, aloof and lonely in that place of loneliness. Tall magnolias shaded it; lichens crept over its delicate columns; iris of a singular incandescence

whiteness guarded its sealed doors; and jewelled lizards flashed in and out among the quiet letters of the legend which read: *The Gaspard Tomb*. Then with a sudden irrelevance,

“A-a-h!” shuddered Mara, “I shouldn’t like to lie in there!” she cried. She stared, white to the lips: “Let us get out and look at it,” she said, as though against her will.

Their chauffeur, an inky-hued individual attired in an orange-and-blue striped blazer and a badly preserved silk hat, stirred uneasily in his seat:

“We better be gwine on a little,” he opined, “Dis ain’t such a much of a place fur stoppin’. ’Little furdur on dar’s a mighty pretty marble figger—de Lawd p’intin’ de Way wid his finger broke off; Northern ladies always jes’ natchelly has fits of enj’yment when I ’scorts ’em to it. Now dis here,” persuasively—“Dis ain’ no place fur enj’yment.”

Mara laughed: “Then take this lady on and let me get out,” she proposed.

“Naw’m,” he replied firmly, “Naw’m. Ef you is boun’ to git out, you better take yo’ Maw wid you. You go ’long, mistis, an’ I’ll jes set here wid my rabbit’s foot.”

“Oh, well,” said Mara, sweetly, noting her Aunt’s distaste, “I won’t. But how I should like to see the place by moonlight.—To-night!” she cried. “The moon rises late; we will drive out in this delicious air after the theatre, Aunt Parthena; think of its enchantment under a tropic moon!”

“Ugh!” said Aunt Parthena. “Nonsense! Do you forget that you leave for Kingsport to-night to take ship in the morning for New York? There won’t be time, thank goodness!”

“O, yes there will!” plead Mara. “I can dress on the train. Fanchon will have everything ready for me. Do come, Tantie!”

Mrs. Griffin considered. It was Mara the artist who spoke, she decided. There was nothing really morbid about the

the child. "Very well," she assented, and turned to their driver, who had listened spellbound: "You may be at the stage-door of the Opera House to-night at a quarter of eleven," she told him, "and drive us out—"

"Who, me?" interrupted that individual, ashen-gray at the mere suggestion, "Naw'm! *Not* me! I aims to 'bleege; but dey ain't ary nigger in Liana, let alone me, what could trus' hissself out here to-night, or to-morrer night, nor yit any other ole night! Naw *ma'am!* My *lawdy*, lady!"

! "But we can't walk," remonstrated Mara.

"Naw, *ma'am!* Dat you can't!" he agreed, with fervent satisfaction.

At this juncture, a white-imperialed gentleman, who had left his limousine at one of the driveways to their rear and, unnoticed, had observed their discomfiture, approached:

"Madame," he addressed Mrs. Griffin, sweeping off his hat as though it were a plumed chapeau, "Will you permit me to offer my services as cicerone? I am Col. Legiston, a native of long standing, and I assure you, the best of personal conductors. Miss Andreas," turning to Mara, "you do not remember, but I met you in Louisville two years ago in Judge Ballard's house; and I have long looked forward to seeing you in Liana. I confess that I drove out here this morning, after calling at your hotel, in the hope that I might intercept you and Mrs. Griffin, and ask, on behalf of my dear mother, who is too feeble to carry out her own desires in the matter, that you relinquish your departure to-night, and let us have your luggage removed to her home in order that you may give us and Liana the honor and pleasure of a real visit here."

Mrs. Griffin looked anxiously at Mara. How she wished she would accept! The theatrical season was over. Visiting and gayety in a delightful Southern home! That was the sort of thing girls ought to have.

"Who knows?" she reflected. "The good looks and gallantry of the Liana men are proverbial. Perhaps here Mara may meet her Fate!" Aunt Parthena sighed with repressed sentiment.

"O, Col. Legiston," Mara was saying, "I do remember you and your telling me that you knew my father. How good of you and your mother to wish to give us such happiness. How I wish we could have it! But I am to meet in New York a representative of a great London manager to prepare for my appearance there next year. I shall write to Mrs. Legiston. Hers is that wonderful hospitality which has grown to be a picturesque tradition. Though we daren't yield to temptation, do believe, and assure her, what a real delight it is to have had it offered us!"

Aunt Parthena moaned. These one-ideal professional women!

The Colonel expressed the desolation of his disappointment. "At least," he besought them, "you will let me drive you to Vera Paz to-night. It's quite true, what this rascal says: the negroes won't come out here after dark."

"Oh, if you will, Col. Legiston," said Mara, "and tell us about this tomb."

"Ah, that," observed Col. Legiston, "is a rather interesting bit of local history."

"I was sure of it," interjected Mara.

"In its earlier days," pursued the Colonel, "when Liana, because it was warm, was considered a health resort by consumptive Northerners (and our fat old graveyards bear witness how general was this mistaken belief), there appeared in town with no letters of introduction, a handsome stranger who, after months of ignored and neglected suffering, died unattended in his lodgings. Nobody knew him; no one had vouched for him; he was too rich to be buried in the potter's field; the city had closed the old burial-ground in Oglethorpe Square, and the owners of Vera Paz declined to permit his

unintroduced dust to mingle with their ancestral bones. The authorities in charge sent messages of distress to addresses found among the papers of the deceased; the Health Department stormed; the neighbors complained; poor mortality itself protested; but not until unexceptionable credentials arrived from the North were the pitiful remains of our neglected guest decently interred in Vera Paz, followed by a solemn cortège of First Families who desired to make amends. This incident caused some scandal; that it also caused compunction of heart was evidenced by the deed of a virtuous widow, Mrs. Gaspard, who built this tomb to give shelter to the relics of any well-appearing stranger of doubtful origin, until his arms and quarterings might be ascertained and he be proven worthy of interment in aristocratic soil. It has been a useful public building in its time, though now it is but seldom opened. There is, however, one who has been a permanent tenant. He was also the first claimant of its hospitality—the young, brave and dashing Malecœur, a soldier and a painter of marvelous miniatures, whose sojourn here made his generation of Liana's beaux and beauties immortal. It is said that he died by poison, a suicide. None has ever disturbed his rest in the Gaspard Tomb, and I remember one day when I was a little lad, finding the outer doors of the vault ajar, while the huge locks were being oiled and repaired, I crept up and peered in at his long black mouldering coffin with its tarnished trappings of silver."

"And there he has lain alone all these years!" mused Mara.

"Well, he ain' laid so *still!*" proffered their charioteer (for yet he lingered near). "Dey do *say* dat—"

"How dare you, sir!" interposed the Colonel—"If you will return in my car, ladies?—Be off, you impudent scoundrel, you!"

Both invitations were joyfully accepted.

II

How lovely she looked that night as she ran out from the old theatre, laughing, brilliant, dazzled with the light, throbbing to the thunderous applause, rosy in her antique bridal gown! How her voice thrilled as they sped through the warm dark to the gates of Vera Paz!

They left the car and wandered through those aisles of grief where they marked the change wrought by the night. Mara's instinct had been true; this was the proper lighting. Drenched in the molten moonlight, spiritualized, etherealized, it had become a garden of hope in which lingering souls might happily await the resurrection of their bodies.

Mara, erect and beautiful, her dusky hair folded above her sombre eyes with their tragic brows, moved beneath the funeral ranks of towering trees hung with their hatchment vines, or bent above those mystic flowers grown of memories and tears. For a time her companions walked with her; then, old and tired, they climbed into the great car and followed slowly after, while she sought the dim shadows that shrouded the Gaspard Tomb. A mocking-bird rippled his liquid song of love and longing from the gnarled magnolia that shaded it.

Listening, Mara mounted the myrtle-grown steps that led to the old tomb. There came a moment when the bird was still, and then, reverberating from its depths as she leaned against the grilled door of the vault, they heard the muted music of her voice, speaking the passionate words of Juliet:

“I will kiss thy lips. Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, To make me die with a restorative.—Thy lips are warm.”

“Mara!” called Mrs. Griffin sharply. But still she stayed, pacing to and fro in the silver light, murmuring still, it seemed, lines from her part; still trying for effects in this unearthly staging, until the mists from the marshes came stealing up, writhing and slipping among the graves; and again

Mrs. Griffin called, while the Colonel sounded a Banshee note from his motor horn. Then she came, swiftly, but as one awakened from a dream of rapture. So fresh, so fragrant, so radiant, so untouched by Death and all his ancients! The pulse beat visibly in her white throat; her eyes were deep; she seemed enaureoled by the splendor of youth.

In silence they sped through the whirling night; then, quietly:

"Do you know," she observed, "he frightened me, at first, coming out so noiselessly from the shadows of the old tomb. Magnificent-looking, wasn't he, wrapt in that cape—though so pale? You are getting more liberal, Aunt Parthena, or else Col. Legiston was absorbingly fascinating—I expected every moment that you would interrupt my midnight tête-à-tête with a handsome stranger."

Mrs. Griffin was speechless.

"Who was he, Col. Legiston?" asked Mara. "You know everybody." Then as he did not respond: "But he told me that he was an alien and sick for home; '*heart-sick*,' he said. His English was unusual; quaint, yet not exactly foreign. He assured me that we should meet again and soon; and I hope he is right, Aunt Parthena," she smiled. "He interested me; I wonder who he is!"

Her companions looked at each other, and they felt the hair rise upon their heads. For Mara had been alone. No one had walked with her beside the tomb which held the crumbling coffin of Malceur.

.

The dusty, malodorous station was filled with enthusiastic crowds. Liana's variegated hoi-poloï as well as its gilded youths and maidens had assembled, a brilliant throng, to take gala farewell of the young tragedienne. As she made her laughing, triumphant exit, calling farewell through a rain of roses, Col. Legiston managed to reassure the shaken Mrs. Griffin.

“She’s a bit overwrought,” he whispered, “and small wonder! What fires of genius burn in her! A bit of a bromide, now—”

“Good-bye, Mara! Good-bye! Come back to us! Come back!” chorused the crowd. And the train rolled out accompanied by cheers and bravas and gay adieux.

The wreck occurred fifteen miles out from Liana. Mrs. Griffin recovered consciousness, slightly bruised and shaken. Mara lay crumpled beside her, a thin rod of steel like a dagger through her chest.

For hours the elder woman crouched beside her in the slime of the crawling swamp. She never dared think of that time; the noises, the shrieks, the frightened negroes, the fat-wood torches through the pines, the lumbering oxcart—the lifting, the dragging, the helpless heaviness; her hair, the blood-damped white brocade; and her own raving out against God that he should snatch the spirit in such swift extinguishment, yet not free the body from all stigma of the grave’s disgrace.

With the breaking of day they came back to Liana. They did not return to the hidalgo-named hotel. She lay in the house of Col. Legiston’s mother, a white uprooted iris in her torn hand; who put it there none ever knew.

Mrs. Griffin was summoned from her vigil in that darkened room. A delegation of representative citizens, greatly moved, wished to confer with her.

“Madam,” the spokesman said, “the storms make traveling still unsafe. The road-beds will be unstable for an indefinite period. We come to offer you the sympathy of the whole community. To assure you that it shares your sorrow; and to ask that at least until you can make definite arrangements, you will honor the City of Liana by permitting the body of your ward, the Great Mara, to rest in the Gaspard Tomb.”

Were I

Were I a boy,
I'd run away!
I'd pack my little knapsack full
Of things I wished to keep,
And then while other folks
Were fast asleep,
I'd steal away.

Were I a boy,
I'd visit all the countries of the world.
I'd find the hidden treasures of the earth,
The wondrous caves—
I'd sail the great Pacific as a bold, bad buccaneer,
And dash in through the waves
To land upon some wild, untravelled shore—
And then I'd sail away!

Were I a boy,
I'd chain the lightning down
To draw my chariot—
Up in the air I'd float and dive and spin—
I'd hunt the Bengal tiger for his skin—
I'd find new countries, I would go alone
Beyond the blue—
What is there that I would not do
Were I a boy!

A. R., '22.

A Well-Worn Subject



HERE IS something in life which all men seek, though few find it; something that men would give the best years of their lives to win; that many (who are mistaken) think they have. It is a wondrous power that forms this wondrous power—for power it is, and has. This thing is friendship.

What is a friend? A little boy, when asked that question, replied, "He is a fellow who, knowing all about you, likes you still." He is more than that; a true friend is one who, like charity—is not true friendship wrought of love, of charity?—"never faileth"; who "suffers long, and is kind"; who "beareth all things, believeth, hopeth all things, endureth all things." A friend is one upon whom you can lean, and who can lean upon you. In "Barbara of Baltimore," Barbara says, "To me friendship means more than a grip of hands in pleasant weather; it means holding the other fellow, keeping him from slipping when the going is bad." Must you not be able to go to your friend when you have need of comfort, or of counsel? And must he not be willing to come to you, in like manner? Assuredly, for true friends—as true as they may be in mortal life—are for one another as guides, as staffs, above all, as comrades.

Emerson, in his Essay on Friendship, finds in it two elements, those of Truth and Tenderness. Of Truth, he says: "A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud." Not that thinking aloud should be indulged in to a very great extent, even before a friend, but the mere fact of knowing that your every word will not be repeated, that brings trust. Of the other element, Tender-

ness, he says, "When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune." Ah, not quite, I fear; unless perhaps, he means merely touched, not won entirely. For friendship in its highest form can never be experienced on earth; in heaven—God only knows; what we believe—well, each man knows what he himself believes; he can not always tell just what his ideas are, but he believes something, at least, and Locke says, "What difference does it make what a man professes, so long as he professes it with all the faith of his being?" And that is how you should believe in your friends, with all your heart and soul.

According to Emerson, "No two men but, being left alone with each other, enter into simpler relations. Yet,"—mark this—"it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse." A man once said, "I believe that the men all over the world who could be my friends are marked with the same mark, by which I might know them, should we chance to meet. Yet I may not know them all; why. Fate may not take the trouble to let me meet my best friend!" That is true; all of it. All men who may be friends are like people belonging to the same secret society; they may know each other by the marks, the secret signals, the passwords, etc. Emerson says, "For perfect friendship it may be said to require natures so rare and costly, each so well tempered and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that very seldom can its satisfaction be realized." And again, "Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party." With this feeling this is also true, "There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect until, in their dialogue, each stands for the whole world."

“My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me.” That is true, also. God gives true friends to each other, but he marks them in such a manner that each may recognize the other, if he keeps his eyes open. There may be an element of adventure in friendship; indeed, there is; but you must not let the sense of adventure and interest get the better of you. “The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.” There must be perfect sincerity and perfect truth before there can be true friendship, and these things are found only in heaven. You try, oh, how you try! That does not alter the case one jot. “Friendship, like immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed.” It can not be understood—not comprehended—by us here on earth. Like immortality, friendship is a heavenly thing, is found there alone, in its fullest beauty. We can only hope to find it there when we journey westward; to find friendship—and our true friend—over Jordan.

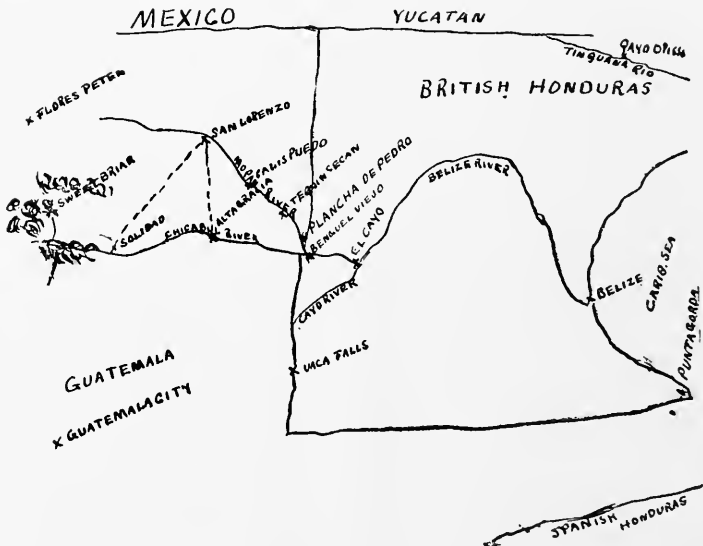
A. S., '22.

EDITORIALS

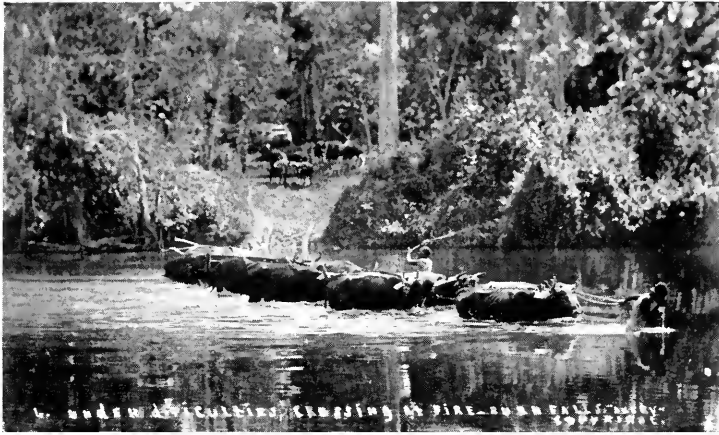


SWEET BRIARS AND SWEET BRIARS!

It should be encouraging to those who are engaged in the drive for our million-dollar endowment fund, to reflect upon how far the little candle of Sweet Briar's learning carries light into a naughty world. Already there has been founded a second Sweet Briar in the great American continent to the south of us. In witness whereof we reproduce the following map with its illuminating notes:



("This is not drawn to scale at all: it is 90 miles from San Lorenzo to Florenz Petan, and 300 miles to Gautemala City: from San Lorenzo to Solidad it is 201 miles, and 16 on to Sweet Briar. All the places on



This is the home-made bridge over the Mopan here at San Lorenzo. We are very proud of it. It will bear up to ten or twelve tons without bending too much.



the Mopan and Chicabui Rivers are our logging camps, and not towns at all, except Plancha de Pedro. Plancha and Benque Viejo have 200 inhabitants apiece, and are the international boundary posts of the Guatemalans and the British Hondurans. The dotted lines are our truck roads, and are the only roads in Guatemala: all freight is carried by mule train over trails. The cute little curved lines are not part of an impressionistic picture of the native interpretation of the shimmy, but represent mountains, some of them 2,600 feet high; they stand on either side of the river, which from this point is visible miles up the valley, and which seems to flow directly under the hill upon which Sweet Briar is built, as the great trees hide the bend.")

Most of the attendants at this Guatemalan Sweet Briar have an aversion to its name; as they speak only dialects, Spanish, Portuguese, or Waika Indian, they can not pronounce it. At present they are engaged almost exclusively in forestry, and nature-study and magic; but when their mahogany gets to be as Colonial as ours at Sweet Briar, Virginia, no doubt the courses offered will be more varied and extended.

It is hoped that the entente between the two institutions may be firmly and permanently established.

Dramatics

WASHINGTON AND LEE SHOW

"DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU"

If the "Troubadours" are a sample of Washington and Lee talent, life at Lexington must be most snappy. Sweet Briar enjoyed the performance immensely, from the promising beginning by the Glee Club, right through to the Finale, without stopping and never failing to appreciate the fine points in art and melody.

Mr. Dupree nigh bowled us over with his soulful interpretation of "If You Could Care," and both he and Mr. Stubbs appealed to us strongly in their little sketch, "I Want to Hold You in My Arms."

And the show! And the chorus! Everybody was all eyes and ears, not missing a trick.

The management is surely to be congratulated for their superior troupe and we only hope next year will bring the far-famed "Troubadours" back to the Briar.



DONT LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU - HEAR



Lotta
"Ohhhhh Reggie!"



WHO WENT TO SEE THE BOAT?

AFTER THE PANSANT



BECKON
"OH!! A LITTLE CLOSER
GIRLS I WANT TO WHISPER
SOME FUNNY STORIES - GA!!"



THE ARRIVAL OF
THE BUS CAUSED THIS.



TROUBADOURS 1920

Supper.
It's time to leave!
She's got my 'vestral' paw!



Homer:
Oh! I hope you don't think
me wicked, but where is Lotta?



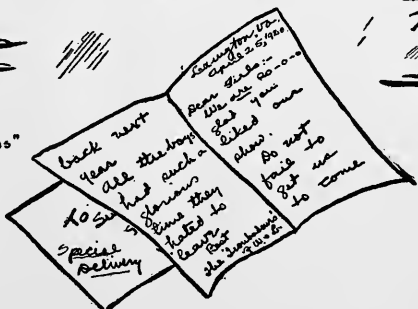
gee! Aint I glad I was
WASH-LEO TROUBADOUR!



ROBERT H. JACOBSON JR.
1920



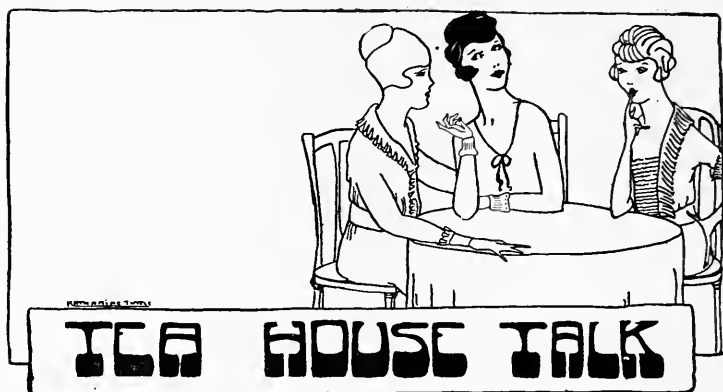
LOG CABIN SCENE - DEFECTIVE LIGHTS
Gees:
"I WANNA HOL' yo' in ma ARMS"



back next
year
all steady
had such a
to S
of serious
time they
wanted to
leave
but
the trouble
is
3/20/20

See you in
april 20, 1920
been there in
the old
gals
liked you
and
also. So next
time I
want to
get
to come





PATHE MONTHLY

SEES ALL—MISSES NOTHING

“What is so cold as a day in May?” So did not sing the poet, but so might he have sung had he been at S. B. in this so-called merry month. We wore our gingham dresses, vainly hoping that it would warm up, but we shivered, our noses grew cold and our lips turned blue. It was hard to realize that this was S. B. where we usually bake and broil in the spring-time. Oh, well, diversity is the spice of life!



There is a time in the life of every one when they sort of wish that they were members of another class, don't you think so? Well, unless you were a Junior or a Freshman you must have wished it when the Freshmen gave that dandy party in the dining-room. The entertainment consisted in the main of dancing by members of the Freshman Class, Polly Goodnow, Dottie Lawton, Janet Keeling, Mary Norvell Payne's little sister, Bessie Hoge and V. Sproull and Mary Allen as our “Jazz Babies.” The Juniors enjoyed

themselves to the utmost and felt so proud to be the sister class of such a fine bunch.



To any one reading these pages we are afraid the major impression that this is quite the center of the social whirl, but when there are such superlative parties to record, we just can't leave any out. The breakfast in the lab. given of a Sunday morn by Miss Shelley Rouse and Miss Laura Thompson is an event which will long live to be remembered. Such a quantity of guests and such a quantity of food is not often glimpsed in one place. We hope that some other of our friends, when they feel like entertaining, will go to Shell and Laura and get a few pointers.



Pathé wishes to make a few remarks to young men in general. Not so very long ago a certain young man came to Sweet Briar very unexpectedly, arriving early on Sunday morning. Now, although he was an extremely nice young man, he made a fatal error. His arrival, as I have said, was early and unexpected and, therefore, no one met him to guide him in the paths where he ought to have gone and he came up the *back way* just as we were going to breakfast. Certain of us nearly didn't get there, and a terrible commotion ensued. The moral is obvious—come up the *front* way and keep out of No Man's Land.



Speaking of the arrival of one man, will Sweet Briar ever forget when the *forty-five* W. and L. men arrived? That really was one of our brightest days; we had such a good time with the orchestra, the tea dance, and then, the performance. Of course, they all had to go eventually and we all drifted

off to sleep that night humming "If You Could Care"—
—Could we? Oh, lady! lady!



To return to events given by home talent, the new Ripplers very regally entertained the old ones at a dinner party in the Tea House. Original stunts were executed by several of the hostesses and the affair rippled off in fine style.



The Sophomore banquet to the Seniors was a very gala affair of the season. It was held in the Y. Hut, which was very artistically decorated. Although Pathé did not have the privilege of attending in person, all reports of the affair were to the effect that the Sophomores were charming hostesses and the Seniors very gracious guests.

Carry On

Ohel, wat a life I lead,
Things pile on me so!
I toil and struggle day and night,
I haven't time to grow!

But I surmise with other guys
It's just the same—or worse—
So cheer thou up, my weary soul,
It 'vaileth naught to curse!

M. W., '22.



Mount Holyoke's *Freshman Number* has proved very successful in bringing new talent to the front. The new class, conscious of its youth and greenness, is apt to hide behind its older sisters for the first year, and thus much valuable material is lost, unless some such venture as this brings it forward. Among other things, Mount Holyoke has discovered a new poet, who shows such grace in the treatment of "free verse" and such vivid imaginary power that it seems a pity that it should be as distorted as it is at present. The young writer takes as her model the most realistic of the Amy Lowell school, and verses which might have attained considerable power grow ridiculous through an unfortunate choice of metaphors. Such lines as these show a view of life too cynical for one so young:

"Life is sometimes like a great puff of whipped cream—
Sometimes sour—like a green pickle—
Pickles and cream—
No wonder we
Die!"

Another selection from "Poems" is so queer, so almost sacrilegious in the face of the sublime beauties of a spring morning, that I can not but repeat it:

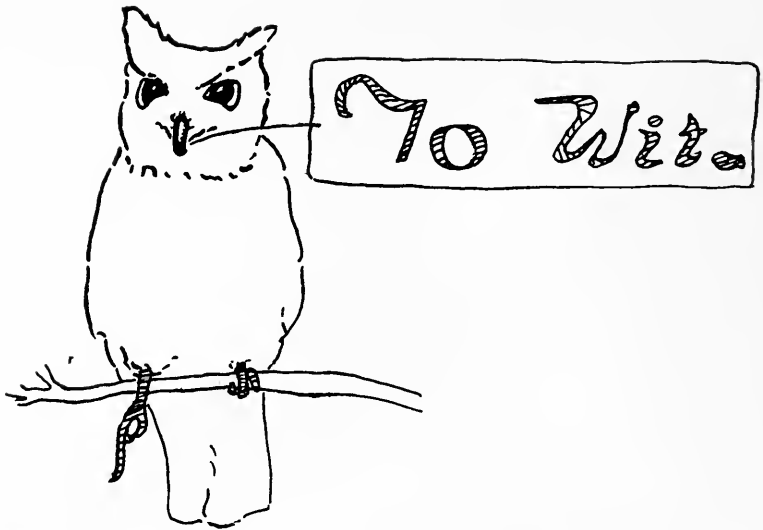
"The valley is a great white bowl
With a purple mountain border on its edge!
The dawn is an egg
Which the morning breaks

On the purple side of the bowl.
She seizes the yolk and hangs it in the sky—
She lets the white fall down in a silver mist
To muffle the earth in a veil.
Then the egg-beater wind
Whips it!
And whirls it!
And tosses it!
See! See! It is turned into
Stiff, white, beaten flakes
Of snow.”

The exquisite phraseology of this and other stanzas in a different mood make us deplore the fact that “M. B.” has not turned her talents to better use.

“The Key Note” is a well-written story of a lost personality. The climax seems to come too quickly, however, for the rather measured action of the rest of the story.

One of the most enjoyable features of the *Mount Holyoke Monthly* is its department of “Editorials and Gleanings.” Especially interesting and amusing in this issue are: “Down with English,” a most skilfully written satire on the menace of “old-maid-dom” for those who are too learned in their native tongue; “Fancies,” bits of humorous verse, and “Paying the Price.” Sweet Briar is always glad to receive exchanges from the *Mount Holyoke Monthly*, and we hope we shall hear from you again next year.



He had held forth for so long on the subject of his adventures that the entire smoking-room was distinctly bored. Finally he reached India.

"It was there that I first saw a man-eating tiger," he announced, boastfully.

"Pooh! that's nothing," said a mild-looking little man, edging towards the door. "I once saw a man eating rabbit."

And he sauntered gracefully out.—*London Blighty.*

"Who was here with you last night?"

"Well—er—Agnes was here, father."

"Well, tell Agnes she's left her spurs and 'Sam Browne' under the settee."—*Windsor Magazine.*

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

Ray: "What do you think of the Minnesota Shift?"

May: "Really, I can't say. I don't know much about these newer cars."—*Cornell Widow.*

Harry: "They say Jack is the fastest thing on the team."

Flora: "My dear, you don't know half of it! I went out with him once and that's enough!"—*Exchange*.

Modest Freshman: "I object to these one-piece bathing suits."

Classmate: "Oh! I think we ought to wear something."

N. B. Bible Students. (This can help you on the exam.)

Teacher: "What was Samson's last act?"

Willie: "I don't know, but it brought down the house."

—*Wampus*.

The following statement was found on a Freshman Biology paper: "The presence of the shell is absent."

Freshman: "Oh! you ought to be taking Chemistry, because Mr. Nierman throws flowers out to girls in the class!"

Classmate: "Flowers, did you say?"

Freshman: "Yes, flowers of sulphur."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Father (on hitting his finger with a tack hammer): "* * * ? ! ? ! \$ @ (- c * * ——— g * * * ."

Deaf Wife: "Did you call me, dear?"

ONE CONSTANT FRIEND

"Ah, gone are all my childhood days,
Those happy hours and free,
And of the hearts I loved so well
Not one is left to me.

From all the friends I knew and loved
Not one remains and cheers,
Except my watch, it never goes—
It hasn't gone for years."—*Exchange*.

HOW COULD IT DID?

It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight,
The sun was shining brightly,
And it rained all day that night.

It was evening and the rising sun
Was setting in the west,
The little fishes in the trees
Were cuddled in their nests.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir,
As the sexton rang the dishrag,
Some one set the church on fire.

“Holy Smoke,” the preacher shouted,
In the rain he lost his hair,
Now his head resembles Heaven,
For there is no parting there.

—*The Virginia Reel.*

College Directory

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